

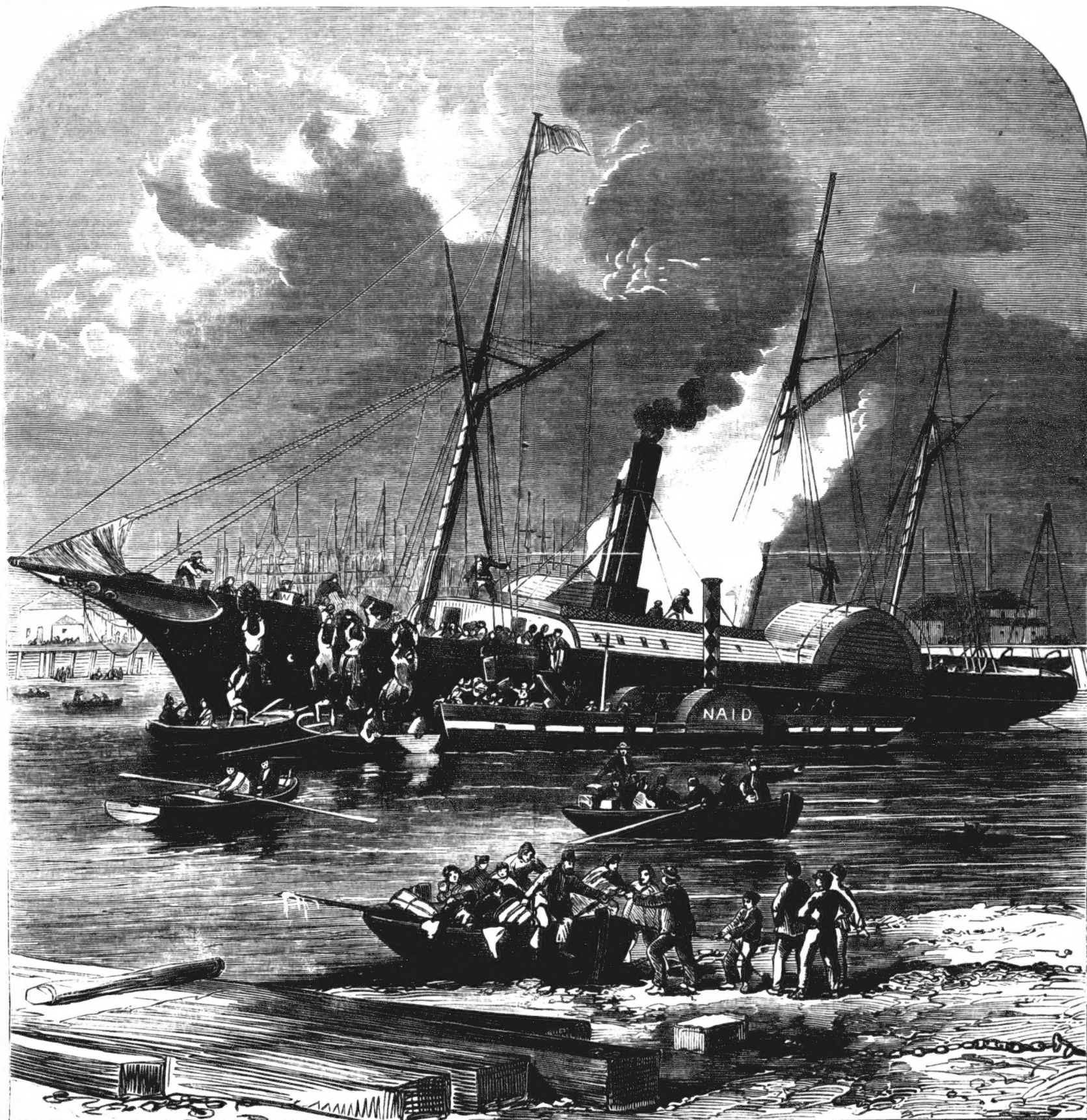
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**PENNY ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY NEWS.**



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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1863.

ONE PENNY.



SINKING OF THE BARON OSY STEAMER, IN THE THAMES, AT LIMEHOUSE. (See page 194.)

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday afternoon, Mr. John Humphreys, coroner for East Middlesex, held inquests at the London Hospital on the bodies of two married women, who lost their lives by fire. The first taken was that of Elizabeth Cox, aged thirty-five, lately residing at 18, William-street, North Stepmey. Thomas Cox, the husband of deceased, said she had been paralyzed for the last four or five years. On the previous Friday morning the witness was at home, when he heard screams proceeding from the kitchen. He hastened thither, and found his wife in flames. He put a sack round her and extinguished the fire, but she was severely burnt. She stated that she had put some wood on the fire to make the kettle boil, and turned round to clean the sink, when the lighted wood caught her dress, which was extended by crinolines. Mr. King, the house surgeon, said the deceased woman died soon after her admission to the hospital, from the shock caused by the burns. The second inquiry was as to the death of Catherine Breton, aged twenty-one. The circumstances of this case were very similar to the preceding. Maria Lovely, of 12, Albert-street, Shadwell, eating-house keeper, said she had engaged deceased as servant. On the previous Wednesday afternoon, witness, deceased, and her husband were in the kitchen, when deceased's dress, which was of a very light description, and extended by crinolines, came in contact with some lighted wood in the grate, which set it on fire. The deceased rushed into the street, which caused the flames to spread, and deceased was so severely burnt that she fell down and expired in the street. The house surgeon said in this case, also, death was caused by the shock to the system, caused by the burns. The jury, in each case, returned a verdict of "Accidental death." The coroner then said it was a pity that some of the many cheap preparations to render the dresses of women unflammable were not used, as they seemed determined not to give up wearing crinolines.

At the Liverpool borough sessions on Saturday, the Recorder, Mr. J. B. Aspinall, Q.C., sentenced Miss Frances Shaw, a young lady of twenty-five, to six months' imprisonment, for stealing silver forks from the shop of a local tradesman. The offence itself was an ordinary shop-lifting one, and calls for no special remark. The prisoner, however, deserves a passing notice. She is most respectably connected; when out of gaol, she resides with her mother, who is in easy circumstances, and has received an education usually given to young ladies in the same station of life as herself. Her previous history would rebut the present charge, and therefore a good deal of commiseration is expressed in the town.

At the Oxford County Hall, on Saturday, the 25th inst., Robert Travers (principal), John Hicks, Alexander Fiedley, George Brown, Frederick Oliver, and Henry Holt (aiders and abettors) appeared before the Right Hon. J. W. Henley, M.P., chairman, and other county magistrates, charged with being present at the recent fight between Travers and Dillon, which partly took place near Wargrave Ferry, in Oxfordshire. The defendants were all bound over in their own recognizances to appear at the next quarter sessions, if called upon to do so. James Dillon (principal), Nathaniel Langham, Robert Webb, and John Tyler, who were also summoned, did not appear.

During the heavy squall and rain last Sunday evening a shocking collision happened a few miles off Dungeness, which caused the foundering of the bark Elvira, Captain Hour, and the loss of several of the crew. The bark was on a voyage from Jamaica, with a mixed cargo of rum, sugar, and logwood, and was bound to Hamburg. She put into Plymouth on Saturday for orders and resumed her voyage the same evening. According to the particulars which have been gleaned from the boatmen, she was making her way up Channel, the wind blowing strong from the N.W., with heavy rain, when she was run into by the Ocean King steamer, and sustained such fearful injury that she foundered. The owner of the Elvira, Mr. Bellamy, was on board his bark, and he and Captain Hour, the commander; Mr. Wilson, the mate; two apprentices, brothers, named Willy; and Edmund, the steward, were saved. The second mate, named Green; Holmar, a seaman; Yambin, an apprentice, and another are reported to have perished. The steamer is reported to have been much damaged.

A serious collision took place at a few minutes before eight on Monday night, at the junction of the Stockton and Darlington Railway. The parliamentary train, which was due at Darlington shortly after that hour, ran into a goods' train, the result being that the tender and several of the carriages of the passenger train were thrown off the line, and were greatly damaged. One of the passengers was seriously injured, and several were slightly bruised.

On Monday, a further attempt was made to throw light upon the death of the two persons whose respective decease recently occurred under such extraordinary circumstances at Wolverhampton and at Dudley. It will be remembered that the woman who was found a worm-eaten corpse in the empty house at Dudley, and who was supposed to be the woman who lived with the man Cheeney as his wife, was, after the coroner's inquest, buried without any post mortem examination having been made of her body. Captain Segrave, the chief constable at Wolverhampton, and Mr. F. M. Phillips, the coroner for that borough, however, both desired that with a view to her identification she might be exhumed. An order from the Home Secretary to that effect was received on Monday, and witnesses were sent to Dudley from Wolverhampton to see the body. Surgeons also went over to make the post mortem examination. When the coffin was opened, identification from the features was utterly impossible, but most of the garments which were upon the woman when she was found were sworn to as those which Steadman had been accustomed to wear. There could be little room for doubt that the woman found at Dudley was Steadman.

WRECK OF THE BARON OBY STEAM-VESEL IN THE THAMES.

The illustration in the front page represents the wreck of the Baron Oby, which happened thus:—About half-past twelve o'clock in the afternoon of the 3rd, the iron paddle steam-ship Baron Oby was proceeding up the river, laden with passengers and general merchandise from Antwerp, and when in Limehouse-reach nearly opposite the Commercial Dock Pier, a small craft was somewhat in the way, and the steamer diverged towards the Middlesex shore, when the fore part of her keel struck heavily upon a hard substance, breaking her iron plates, and causing the water to rush into her fore-cabin and machine-room. Immediately after she struck the vessel turned round, and her stem rapidly sank. The utmost alarm prevailed amongst upwards of 100 passengers who were on board, but fortunately the Naiad, Woolwich steamer Captain Robinson, came near at the time on her up passage, and the captain having witnessed the accident, promptly landed the whole of the Naiad's passengers at the Commercial Dock Pier to continue their journey by the next boat, and went to the assistance of the Baron Oby. The whole of the passengers of the latter vessel and a large amount of luggage were rapidly transferred to the Naiad, and conveyed to the St. Katharine's Docks, the Naiad immediately returning with a numerous body of men to assist in removing the cargo from the wreck. The ship then filled and sank.

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Foreign News.

FRANCE.

A petition to the Emperor in favour of Poland from the operatives of Paris, to which nearly 6,000 signatures were attached, was deposited a short time since with the Emperor's secretary at the palace of St. Cloud by five delegates from the workmen. M. Bibal, one of the delegates, has since received the following letter from M. Mocquard, senator, and private secretary to the Emperor:—

"Sir,—I lost no time in presenting to the Emperor the petition signed by the Paris operatives, to the number of 6,467, and I pray you to inform the delegates who signed it that I have done so.

"Receive, sir, the assurance of my perfect consideration.

"MOCQUARD."

The camp of Chalons was broken up on the 1st of September. Before leaving his command, Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers thus addressed the troops, who received his address with enthusiasm:—"When I came to you I required zeal and discipline. You have given me both. On my part I have the consciousness of having united to a strict attention to our rules the endeavour to render those rules easy of observance. With all my heart I thank the officers for their aid. In whatever position we may find ourselves let us preserve that fidelity to the Emperor, that devotion with which we are now animated, and which he has the right to claim from us in exchange for his affection for the army and for his love of France. By his Majesty's order the camp is raised. Soldiers, let us break up to the cry of 'Vive l'Empereur!'"

GERMANY.

A letter in the *Courrier du Bas-Rhin*, after mentioning the departure of the King of Prussia from Baden to Berlin, says:—"Count de Bismarck accompanied the King, and must have been pleased to depart, for he had an uncomfortable place of it here, his countrymen, who scarcely saluted the King, passing him without the slightest notice. On the 28th August the King went to inspect the Federal fortress of Bastadt, and reviewed the garrison. The inhabitants scarcely raised a cry in his honour. But if the King of Prussia is becoming more and more unpopular, the Grand Duke of Baden is every day gaining in consideration, and will receive a most triumphant greeting on his return here. He acted at Frankfurt with great prudence, going there to show his good-will, but declining to pledge himself to any definitive course of conduct."

There is again a report of an interview to take place at Baden, in October, between the Emperor Napoleon and the King of Prussia.

PRUSSIA.

The following royal decree has been published:—By virtue of Art. 51 of the Constitution, and on the proposition of the Ministry of State, we decree as follows:—Art. 1. The Chamber of Deputies is hereby dissolved. Art. 2. The Ministry is entrusted with the execution of the present decree.

(Signed)

WILLIAM I.

The Ministerial report to the King which precedes the decree, says there is no prospect that further negotiations with the present Chamber of Deputies would lead to any understanding. His Majesty the King, before his departure, was pleased to express his concurrence with these views of the Ministry, but a definite resolution was reserved until his Majesty's return. The state of things in Prussia since that time has not offered any ground for a change in the propositions of the Ministry, which his Majesty had approved. On the other hand, tendencies have manifested themselves within the limits of the German Federal Constitution, the evident aim of which is to reduce Prussia from that position as a great Power in Germany and Europe, which is her well-earned inheritance from our forefathers, and which the Prussian people has at all times been determined not to relinquish. Under these circumstances, it will be incumbent on the Prussian people to give expression, upon the occasions of the approaching new elections, to the fact that no differences of political opinion is so deeply rooted in Prussia as to endanger the unity of the people and the unshakable fidelity with which they are attached to the royal house when placed in face of efforts tending to diminish the independence and dignity of Prussia.

The events of the last few days have only served to confirm us in our proposals, and as the new elections will require a period of two months, the measures approved by your Majesty in the sitting of the Council of Ministers held on the 16th of July, must be executed without delay, in order to render it possible for the new Diet to be convoked to discuss the budget within the current year.

Ross's Monthly Toilet Magazine, edited by A. Ross. London: J. Allen, 20, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row. We have before us the second volume of this exceedingly practical and excellent work. A book, treating on a subject so interesting to all who study appearance, needs but the assurance that in its pages every matter pertaining to the toilet, is not only ably, but voluminously treated, must ensure for it an enormous circulation.

DEATH UNDER SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES IN MANCHESTER.—The body of a man named Thomas Allcock was found about mid-day, on Sunday, under very singular and suspicious circumstances. The deceased was sixty-seven years of age, of very quiet and regular habits. He had lived alone for some time in a cellar in Bank-street, Lees-street, Great Ancoats-street, and at the time of his death was receiving relief. He was seen for the last time about half-past seven on Saturday evening, standing at his door. About half-past two on Sunday afternoon his sister, Ellen Ramber, Dean-street, Ancoats, went to the cellar to see him. The door was partially open. On entering the cellar she found the deceased lying in bed, dead, with five or six circular marks on his forehead, as if the flesh had been plucked out or cut out with a knife. Information was given to the police, and the assistant to Mr. Barlow, surgeon, was called in to examine the body. It was much discoloured about the back and shoulders, but the surgeon was unable to discover the cause of death. There was a little blood in the bed from the wounds on the forehead, but there was none about the room. The furniture, what little there was, was undisturbed, and the clothes did not appear to have been touched. The only articles that could have been used as weapons were a stovel and a mallet, but neither appear to have been used, and no sound of any struggle or cry was heard in the house above. No motive can be discovered for the murder, if it be one. The man was known to be very poor, and he has never been seen to quarrel with any one. A sixpence was found in a cupboard in the wall, and a halfpenny in his dress. He is believed to have been subject to fits, and it is suggested that he might have died in a fit, and that the peculiar wounds on the forehead may have been made by rats, with which the place is infested.

Among the claims for damage sustained in the late riots, and filed with the controller, was one by Mrs. Ann Garney, "for loss of husband." She claims 5,000 dollars.—*New York Express*.

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General News.

THE Duke of Bedford has conferred the rectory of St. Paul's, Covent-garden, which became vacant some weeks since by the death of the Rev. Henry Hutton, on the Rev. O. E. Ashley, M.A., of Wadham College, rector of Wiekwar, Gloucestershire. The rev. gentleman is married to Lady Georgiana, a sister of the Earl of Duncie, to whom he is chaplain.

SIR WILLIAM GOMM, who has been appointed to the colonelcy of the Coldstream Guards as the successor to Lord Clyde, entered the army in 1794, and served in Spain, Portugal, and subsequently in Flanders. He became colonel of the 13th Foot in 1816, and general in 1854. He received a cross and one clasp for his services as assistant quartermaster general at Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Sebastian, and Nive. He was at Waterloo, and for his services at that battle he received the order of St. Anne, second class. He was governor and commander-in-chief of the Mauritius from June, 1842, to February, 1849, and was appointed commander-in-chief of the East India Company's forces and an extraordinary member of council in India in September, 1859. He received his G.C.B. in 1859.

THERE appears in the *Siecle* a narrative, from the pen of Alexandre Dumas, which must fill its readers with horror and with astonishment that such an atrocious barbarity should have been committed in a country where Christianity is established. An unfortunate man is now in the hospital Des Pelerins at Naples, who has been ferociously mutilated by a bandit. Matthieu Ferrara, a private soldier, in the year 1860 was stationed at Caserta with his company, and under the order of his captain had a rencontre with some brigands, one of whom, Domenico Colucci, was shot. The chief of the brigands, Crescentio Gravina, swore to be revenged on Matthieu Ferrara, and contrived to get him in his possession. He pulled out both the eyes of the unfortunate man, cut off his nose and his ears, bound him to a tree, and there left him. From this terrible situation he was relieved and borne to the hospital, where this sad victim of the ferocity of the brigand Crescentio Gravina is receiving every attention. Photographs exhibiting his miserable condition have been forwarded to France and England.

THE new garrison church at Woolwich, ordered to be erected by the late Lord Herbert, when Secretary of State for War, is fast approaching completion, and will be consecrated for Divine service, in the month of October next, by the Bishop of London. The architecture, which is Byzantine, has been much admired. The building was commenced in February, 1862, under a contract for £14,000, with £2,000 extras. The organ has been purchased by a general subscription among the officers in the Royal Artillery for the sum of £400, and will probably be in its place shortly. Ten of the stained glass windows have been fitted in.

MR. SOTHERON ESTCOURT, M.P., who in the session before last was attacked by a serious illness, which has since incapacitated him from attendance on his parliamentary duties, has now nearly recovered, and has returned from the Continent, where he has been staying for some months.

GENERAL DUMOUZIEUX relates, in his Memoirs, that when Belgium was conquered, or rather had thrown herself into the arms of France, in 1793, the National Assembly immediately sent thither a collection of French plays, and French actors to perform, in order that they might disseminate French ideas. Marshal Forey is about to adopt a similar plan in Mexico, where French comedy will soon be on the boards of the theatres, which will receive substantial aid from Government.

THE *Siecle* says that the necessary authority has been sought to establish liberal journals at Tours, Angers, and several other cities in France, and has been in every case refused.

THE *Press* of Vienna states that the brigade of the Duke de Modena was completely disbanded last week at Bassano. The officers have received pensions, or have been incorporated in the Austrian army, and the privates have been sent to their homes via Mantua and Verona. The brigade, when dismissed, was 2,500 strong.

INFORMATION has reached Madrid by telegraph that the garrison of Melilla, having gone out for its usual military exercises and to carry on the different earthworks near the town, was attacked by an undisciplined mob of the natives. A regular fight took place, and the Moors were defeated. The ground was covered with their dead, and ninety-four of them were taken prisoners. The Spaniards had three soldiers killed, and one officer and forty-two privates wounded. The Government is waiting for a detailed report to adopt the necessary measures.

A FEW days ago at Scarborough, several young ladies and a boy went out in a small boat for the purpose of enjoying a sail on the sea, and whilst amusing themselves the boat listed over to one side. Unfortunately, one of the young ladies fell out into the water. The sea was rather rough at the time, and those left in the boat found that they were unable to render assistance. Fortunately, the accident was witnessed from the shore by a young man named Donald, an engineer from Glasgow. Without the least hesitation he dashed into the water and swam to her assistance. After considerable difficulty, he landed the unfortunate lady on the beach, amid the cheers of a large number of spectators. A gentleman named Hull, in admiration of the noble conduct of the young man, tendered him a sum of money by way of reward. He, however, promptly refused to accept anything, remarking that the very fact of his being able to perform so humane a service was a greater reward than any sum of money could possibly be. The lady was at once conveyed to her anxious friends.

THE naval force of France consists of 94 armour-clad screw vessels, carrying 1,142 guns; 187 screw vessels, not armour-clad, carrying 5,662 guns; 86 paddle-wheel steamers, carrying 534 guns; and 111 sailing vessels, carrying 2,380 guns; that is, 478 ships, carrying 9,718 guns. The naval force of Russia consists of the Baltic fleet, numbering 9 ships of the line, 14 frigates, 6 corvettes, 28 steamers, and 5 transports; of the Black Sea fleet, numbering 42 war steamers; of the Amoor fleet, numbering 6 corvettes, 7 schooners, and 11 transports; of the Caspian fleet, numbering 2 steamers and 10 transports; of the White Sea fleet, numbering 5 steamers; and of the Lake Aral fleet, numbering 2 steamers; or 147 ships of war.

A FEW days before the departure of the last mail from New York a shocking steamboat disaster occurred at Vicksburg. The steamer City of Madison was being loaded with ammunition, and had received nearly her full load, when a negro carrying a percussion shell on board let it fall, causing an instant explosion. The boat took fire, and the fire communicated to the ammunition on board, blowing the steamer to pieces. Out of one hundred and sixty men on board, only four are known to have escaped.

MR. ROBERT ARTHUR ARNOLD has been appointed Assistant-Commissioner for carrying out the provisions of the Public Works Act in the cotton districts.

ON Monday next the rifle match between the Australian and English rifle volunteers will come off at the Sudbury rifle butts. The challenge was given by the Milang Company of Australians, and accepted by the No. 1 (Castle) Company of Nottingham Robin Hood, who were the best shots in England for the year 1862. The ten marksmen to represent the Castle Company will be selected from the following:—Lieut. Evans, Ensign Perry, Corporal W. Smith, Corporal Redfern, Sergeant C. W. Simkins, and Privates Shepperley, Coles, Bass, Noddall, Brewster, J. White, and Kirk.

AMERICA.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF CHARLESTON.

The following is the "situation" from the *New York Herald* of August 16:—

"Fort Sumter is totally demolished, and the city of Charleston has been exposed to the shells of General Gillmore since twelve o'clock on Sunday night, at which time he opened fire with 8-inch Parrott shells, fifteen of which were thrown into the city to open the ball. The non-combatants were flying in every direction out of the doomed city. Such is the intelligence announced by the *Richmond Examiner* of yesterday, and we presume that there can be no doubt of its reliability. All the information in our possession from rebel and other sources up to Monday left little doubt that Sumter was fated to fall. The bombardment for several days was of such a terrific character that no fortification of stone could endure it. On Saturday 604 shots were fired at Sumter, of which 49 struck inside and outside. The north-west wall had fallen in; the east wall was all cracked and broken; the guns were dismounted, and the shot were passing clear through the fort. General Gillmore demanded the surrender of the fort at eleven o'clock on Sunday, giving notice that he would attack the city in twenty-four hours. It will be seen, by the report of the *Richmond Examiner*, that he did not wait the appointed time, probably in consequence of the evasive reply and obstinate refusal of Beauregard to come to terms. It is also said that Fort Moultrie, upon which the rebels depended so much, even after the fall of Sumter, has been silenced by the ironclads. The flags at the War and Navy Departments in Washington were hoisted yesterday on the receipt of this news, which was fully credited there. The most violent Secessionists in the national capital admit now that the rebellion is crushed. It is somewhat curious now to remember that when Fort Sumter surrendered to the rebels under General Beauregard on the 13th of April, 1861, its garrison consisted of nine commissioned officers, a band composed of fifteen members, fifty-five artillerymen, and thirty labourers. That was a day of triumph for General Beauregard. Since then he has held various commands, and has finally returned to his first field of operations only to witness the decay of his laurels."

The same journal further says:—

"The news which we publish this morning from Charleston will fill every loyal breast with rejoicing. Fort Sumter is in ruins, and the proud little city itself, which first raised the standard of revolt, is being bombarded, and will be laid in ashes unless the defenders eat humble pie and capitulate. The despatch which brings this welcome information is from the *Richmond Sentinel* of the 24th, nearly two days later than the accounts previously published. The *Richmond Examiner* of yesterday, however, makes the news doubly sure, by recounting the fact that at midnight on Sunday the firing on the city commenced from our Parrott guns throwing eight-inch shells into the streets. The non-combatants immediately commenced to fly in all directions for safety. The facts are, therefore, reliable, and as they come to us through this rebel channel, reflect the highest credit on the skill, energy, and perseverance of the Union commanders and the spirit and endurance of their men. The artillery practice was superb. Out of the 604 shots fired on Saturday 419 took effect. Such accuracy as this is not easily to be matched. Its result was to breach and batter in the east and north-west walls, the principal defences, and to dismount all the guns. Towards evening nothing appears to have been left of Sumter but a shapeless ruin, on which the garrison still maintained itself in obedience to orders, but without the power of inflicting further annoyance upon our troops. It would seem that previous to the bombardment General Gillmore sent in a demand for the surrender of Fort Sumter and Morris Island, with a threat that in case of refusal he would shell Charleston in four hours from the delivery of the paper. To this Beauregard, with his characteristic evasiveness and braggadocio, returned a reply charging inhumanity and violation of the laws of war against the Union commander, adding that if the offence were repeated he would employ stringent measures of retaliation. Charges of inhumanity come with a very bad grace from the leaders who endeavoured to starve out and destroy the handful of loyal men under Anderson in this same Sumter, and who shelled the town of Carlisle during Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania. They are all the more despicable from the fact that for eight or ten days previously the women and children had been ordered by Beauregard to quit Charleston, in anticipation of the very event he thus deprecates. Disregarding all this, General Gillmore, with commendable consideration, sent the rebel commander notice on Sunday morning that at eleven o'clock on the following day he would open fire on the city, and that in the meantime non-combatants could leave it. Notwithstanding all their big talk we do not believe that the rebels will push their resistance to the point of the total destruction of the city. They must be as fully convinced as we are that the rebellion is approaching its close, and they are not so suicidal enough to carry out threats that would inflict injury on Southern interests alone."

A New York letter announcing the fall of Sumter has the following:—

"I have seen it stated that, of over 160 recruits forwarded to a single regiment in the army of the Potomac, only sixty remained at the end of the first week after they arrived in camp; and one of those who deserted boasted that he had made 1,300 dollars by re-enlisting in various parts of the country, and getting the bounties. It is to check this evil, and also to prevent the soldiers now in the service from leaving their regiments in the hope of making money in the same disreputable way, that General Meade has issued a stringent order declaring that the death penalty shall be rigidly enforced against all deserters who may be caught hereafter. One or two have already been sentenced to be shot. The other news is certainly stirring and important enough. No single success of the war has proved so gratifying to the Federals as that achieved by General Gillmore at Charleston. The blackest page in the history of this war has been written by the guerilla Quantrell, who sacked the defenceless town of Lawrence, Kansas, and murdered in cold blood two hundred of its citizens. It is a poor satisfaction to know that over sixty of his ruffians have offered up their lives as an expiation of their brutality."

General Gillmore officially announces to General Halleck, under date of the 24th, the practical demolition of Fort Sumter as the result of seven days' bombardment at a distance of from 8,830 to 4,000 yards. He also states that he has established two batteries within effective range of the heart of Charleston, and had opened fire upon the city, and that General Beauregard had designated the projectiles thrown the most destructive missile ever used.

This telegram was received per the *Hibernian*:—

"The statement that Forts Sumter and Wagner had fallen is untrue. President Davis has had a consultation with the governors of the different Confederate States with reference to the arming of the slaves. The result of the deliberation was reported to be that 500,000 negroes were to be immediately called out and armed for the defence of the Confederacy. It was further rumoured that the slaves, in consideration of this service, were to receive their freedom and fifty acres of land each at the conclusion of the war."

The *Times* correspondent at New York writes as follows from that city under date August 25:—

"Great joy prevails among the Republicans, Abolitionists, and Extremists at the destruction of Fort Sumter and the probability of the capture of Charleston, or of the ruins of what was once that proud and valiant little city. They believe the end of the war to be close at hand, and their organs are all busily debating the terms of a 'reconstruction' of the Union. They are not, for the most part, inclined to be merciful. Nothing less than the immediate emancipation of the slaves, the public execution of Mr. Jefferson

Davis and Mr. Stephens, and a few of the most prominent Southern generals, the banishment of minor offenders, and the division of the plantations and all the cultivable waste lands of the cotton sugar, and rice districts, among the loyal servants of the Federal Government, seems to satisfy to their excited minds the justice of the case. This done, the Confederate and Federal armies are to be united, reorganized, and divided into three great and invincible divisions;—one to be retained at home for the preservation of domestic order; a second to be despatched to Mexico to vindicate the Monroe doctrine and expel the French from Mexico; and the third to march to Canada to wreak vengeance upon Great Britain for having allowed Mr. Laird and other shipbuilders to construct Alabamas and Floridas to prey upon American commerce, and generally to rub off old scores with a nation whom it is the point of honour to hate, to envy, and to desire to humiliate. The Democratic party are less exuberant and demonstrative. They rejoice, it is true, at the approaching fall of Charleston, but they take a soberer view of the probable consequences of the victory. They understand the Southern temper better than their Republican brethren, and urge that the moment of success is not the moment of vengeance, but that of conciliation; and call upon Mr. Lincoln as soon as the Federal flag shall wave over Charleston and Chattanooga, to proclaim a general amnesty, and summon a convention of the people of all the States, both North and South, to confer upon the terms of union, or of compromise. But though such opinions are those of three-fifths of the Northern people, they are not those of the party in power. Mr. Lincoln will exhibit no such statesmanship or generosity. He is in the hands of the revolutionists, and must do their bidding; even though he awake hereafter to the melancholy conviction that he misunderstood his function, missed his opportunity, and was the real destructive of that edifice of constitutional liberty which it was his duty to conserve. While great events are pending in South Carolina and in Tennessee, the people of New York are busily occupied with the conscription. On Wednesday last, when the draught commenced, from 20,000 to 25,000 troops, including infantry, cavalry, and artillery, were stationed at convenient points of the city to overawe the refractory multitude. Although not the slightest attempt at riot has occurred, the people relying apparently on the \$3,000,000 dols. promised by the municipality as sufficient to purchase the exemption of every poor conscript who may be unwilling to serve, the Federal Government has not ceased to pour additional regiments into the city. Neither by day nor by night for the last week has the military invasion slackened for an hour. On Saturday and Sunday large numbers of infantry and cavalry arrived, among which was a considerable detachment from the army of the Potomac. Every square, enclosure, and open space, from the Battery to the Central Park—a distance of five miles—has been converted into a camp. The children and their nursemaids have been driven out of their shady haunts, to make room for the sun-browned veterans of civil strife, and the scraggy steeds of the cavalry, for which the Federal Government have paid from £40 to £50 per head but for which no London cab-owner would give a £10 note. The troops look and behave as if they were in an enemy's country; which may, perhaps, be the fact. They are supposed to have with them from eighty to 100 pieces of artillery; but as no one out of the charmed circle of official and military life has taken the trouble to count them, or knows anything but what cursory observation may elicit, it is possible that this number may be exaggerated. At any rate, the cannon are not concealed. They stand in public places, and prophecy, even while silent, of stirring days to come."

THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

The correspondent of a morning contemporary, whose information is in great part confirmed from other sources, gives the following particulars respecting the insurrection in the Ukraine:—

"It appears that the Russian Government knew at the beginning of the year that the insurrection was preparing, and took its measures accordingly. All the outcasts of the population, people who lived on pillage, robbery, and murder, were sought out by the Russian agents, and formed under the command of Russian policemen and officers into bands of irregulars. When the insurrection broke out, these bands, which it suited the policy of the Russian authorities to call peasant guards, were sent against the insurgents. They committed, as might have been predicted from the previous character of the individuals constituting them, terrible atrocities; they murdered wounded insurgents in the most barbarous manner, plundered villages, and inflicted dreadful tortures on landowners who were quietly residing on their estates. Meanwhile the insurgents proclaimed the emancipation of the peasants from forced labour, and the grant to them of land. Many of the peasants, influenced by Russian intrigue, remained indifferent; others joined the insurrection. The Poles were, however, not strong enough to resist the Russian troops. After performing prodigies of heroism, most of the bands were dispersed and their members hanged, imprisoned, or sent to Siberia. Among them was a youth of fourteen, named Rusiecki, who had distinguished himself in an extraordinary manner in several battles. The Russian general ordered the boy to be brought before him, and said, 'You deserve the rod, youngster.' 'Those who have killed three dragoons are not beaten with rods,' was the spirited reply. The insurgents who were tortured by peasants in the Russian bands, met their fate with a manly resignation and the patience of martyrs. One of them, named Jarzewicz, seeing the atrocities which the drunken peasants were committing, urged on by their Russian leaders, on their benefactors, exclaimed, 'Poor, blinded people!' 'We will blind you,' said the peasants; and tearing the scalp from his head, he pulled it over his eyes, Jarzewicz all the time declaring that he forgave them. Another insurgent, named Biesiadowski, assured the peasants, as he was dying, in the midst of frightful tortures, that what he had told them about the insurrection was the truth. T. prisoners in the south eastern provinces are everywhere full. At Kijew there are upwards of a thousand in the citadel; there are several hundreds at Zytomierz, as many as Zaslaw, and the remainder at Radomysl, Berezycow, Kamieniec, Podolski, and Biala."

COMMUTATION OF SENTENCE.—The sentence of death passed on Elizabeth Benyon, at the last Liverpool Assizes, for the murder of her child, has been commuted to penal servitude for life.

OXYGEN WATER is a recently invented beverage which effervesces like soda water, but holds in solution the vital element oxygen, instead of carbonic acid gas. It is stated to possess highly valuable properties. As one instance, at the opening of the International Exhibition on May 1st, 1862, Mr. G., a gentleman connected with a celebrated West-end firm, was thrown down and had both legs out. He received medical and surgical aid from gentlemen of high standing in the profession; but instead of healing, the wounds took on an ulcerative gangrenous condition, which continued for more than nine months, until a large portion of the tissue of each leg had sloughed away. The patient was necessarily confined to his couch, was sent to the country and to the sea side, and had everything done that skill could devise, but without benefit, until his medical attendants, to improve the state of the blood, ordered Barth's Oxygen Water to be tried. He took three half pints daily, showed some improvement in ten days, and was cured and at business in a few weeks. The gentleman will reply to inquiries, at his name and the names of his professional attendants can be had from Mr. Barth, 88, Long-acre, W.C.—[Advertisement.]

MURDER AND SUICIDE.

DURING last week rumours were in circulation in the village of Filongley, near Coventry, respecting the death of a young woman, named Jane Dalby, the wife of a labourer residing in the village; and consequently an inquest was opened on the body by Mr. Alfred Carter, coroner, on Wednesday week, at the Weavers' Arms, Filongley. The husband of the deceased then gave evidence to the effect that on the previous Saturday, on going home from work, at about half-past seven in the evening, he found his wife seriously ill. She requested him to go for Mr. Fargue, a surgeon, who had been attending her during the previous fortnight. She complained of great pain in her left side and in her back. Before going to the medical man he locked the door after him, leaving his wife in bed. When he came back, having called upon his wife's mother on the way, he found the doctor had already arrived, and was waiting to be admitted. He tried to unlock the door, but could not do so, the button which fastened the latch from within having slipped down, or been placed down, so as to prevent the door being opened. The door was burst open and they went upstairs and found deceased lying dead by the side of the bed. Police-constable Pittaway produced two bottles—one containing a small quantity of laudanum, which the husband said he took for his complaint, and the other a lotion, which he said he rubbed his side with. After this evidence had been taken the inquest was adjourned. On the following Sunday the husband went to church, and after the service he went to the house of his mother-in-law, where he swallowed a quantity of prussic acid, which caused almost instant death. The following letter, in the handwriting of Dalby, was found after his death:—"Dear friends, I take the pleasure of writing to satisfy you all that the death of my wife, so that you need not be at any trouble to cut me all to pieces. The bottle by my side with the label on with Prussic acid is what put us both to death. You need not blame my friends, for they know nothing at all about it. It was not me that poisoned my wife, for she did it herself with her own good will, and I promised her I would follow her that day week when I had seen her buried all comfortable. We was too loving to live together in this world, so we wished to meet again on the throne of God to part no more. So farewell, all dear friends, till we meet again on the throne of God. This is H. W. Dalby handwriting to satisfy them all round. H. W. DALBY, no more." At the adjourned inquest, Dr. Alfred Hill, public analyst for the borough of Birmingham, stated that he had made an examination of the intestines of the deceased woman, and had found prussic acid present in a quantity sufficient to cause death. It was further shown that within the last few weeks the husband had got the carrier between Bedworth and Arley to purchase for him several quantities of prussic acid at a druggist's shop at Bedworth, representing that he wanted it for the horses. No evidence of a clue to any motive for the crime was forthcoming. The jury returned a verdict, in the case of Julia Dalby, of "Wilful murder" against the husband, William Henry Dalby; and in the case of the latter they gave a verdict of "*Felo de se*."

OUTRAGE BY BRIGANDS.

THE *Indipendente* of Naples relates the following atrocious crime, committed by a party of brigands in the district of Casaccia:—"On the 24th ult. seven armed men knocked at a farmhouse about midnight, asked for provisions and then went away, taking by force the servant, a fine strong girl twenty-three years of age, with them into the forest. There she found herself in the midst of the whole band, consisting of thirty men, and was compelled to yield to their desires. At daybreak they consulted with each other as to what was to be done with her; upon which she earnestly begged with tears to be allowed to go home; but they replied that would not do, since she might reveal their hiding-place. At length a brigand, named Sacchitello, stepped forward, and in a tone of protection engaged to accompany her to the end of the forest by a peculiar path. They had not gone far, however, before he suddenly stabbed her in the neck and twice in the abdomen. The poor girl fell, but seeing she was not dead he fired his musket at her, but only wounded her slightly in the hip. He reloaded his musket, put the muzzle to her breast, and fired, but by a convulsive movement his victim pushed the weapon away with her arm, and the ball penetrated into her body in a slanting direction without killing her. A third time the assassin loaded his gun, and fired at her three steps off; the ball penetrated under the right arm-pit, went along the ribs, and came out at the abdomen. The miscreant, thinking he had despatched her for certain, then went away, but, strange to say, the poor creature had only swooned, and on recovering managed to drag her mangled body to a neighbouring hut, which, however, proved to be deserted, and as she was sinking with thirst, and could find no water, she lay down to die. Meanwhile a company of grenadiers had been approaching the forest, and taking measures for ascertaining the whereabouts of the brigands. Two of their scouts had been creeping along the bushes for some time, when they perceived two brigands who were looking for the body of the girl, but becoming suddenly aware of the presence of the grenadiers, they took to flight. The soldiers immediately after found the girl weltering in her blood, and carried her to their camp. The officer in command endeavoured to induce some peasants to convey her to the nearest hospital, offering them payment, but they refused under various pretexts, which shows that they were rather favourable to the brigands than otherwise. At length three grenadiers undertook the duty, and she was taken to Aquilona, where, strange to say, the surgeon expressed a hope of her recovery."

THE PAUPER'S LOAF.—At a meeting of the Chelsea vestry, on Saturday, Dr. Barclay, medical officer of health, reported that he had tasted bread obtained from some of the poorer districts in the parish to determine the quantity of alum contained, and he found that the worst of the bread was that supplied to the workhouse. The report added that the quantity of alum employed enabled bakers to use inferior flour, and still produce a superior appearance. A discussion ensued, and some vestrymen, being also guardians, excused their remissness by stating that they could not individually detect the presence of alum in bread. The chairman of the guardians said, although the contractor's price was the lowest, proceedings would be taken if the bread supplied was not according to contract. It was resolved to send Dr. Barclay's report to the board of guardians, in order to have immediate steps taken in the matter. Dr. Barclay observed that under the Act a caution should be given before penalties could be recovered from the baker.

A WHIRLWIND.—On Thursday morning a most extraordinary storm and whirlwind passed over the south side of Eastwood, the estate of Sir George Jenkinson, Bart., on through Sunday-hill and Lower Stone, doing very considerable damage. Just on the edge of Eastwood its mad freaks were marvellous, carrying off the tiles of a house high in the air, and for a long distance, whirling a bushel basket for nearly a quarter of a mile, and lifting corn in sack, carrying it immense distances. Large numbers of timber and fruit trees of farms occupied by Messrs. Culmore, Malpas, Pritchett, and others, were torn up by the roots, and others twisted partly or wholly off in a manner almost incredible. An elm tree was twisted off at about a third of its height and carried more than fifty yards. The tiles of the houses were torn off, and while high in the air to the consternation of the inmates. One old woman was whirled about and thrown down, but was more frightened than injured. We have not heard of any loss of life of either man or beast. The storm covered but a narrow breadth, and its wild and frightful doings were the work of only a few minutes.—*Bridgewater Mirror*.

SHAMEFUL AND BARBAROUS CONDUCT
OF FRENCH SAILORS.

The master and crew of the French schooner, *Jeune Adelaide*, of St. Malo, were brought before the Sunderland magistrates, charged with causing the death of Matthew Williamson, a fisherman belonging to this port, off Seaham Harbour. The names of the Frenchmen are Jean Guilot (master), Eugene Jean (mate), Lefevre F. Joseph and Nicole Jean (seamen), and Guil M. Emile and Joseph Gorio (apprentices). Mr. Robson, on behalf of the town-clerk of Sunderland, prosecuted; Mr. Graham appeared for the prisoners. Robert Robson, the skipper of the fishing vessel, the *Elizabeth* smack, belonging to Mr. James Cambridge, of Hartlepool, gave the following evidence:—He said that on Tuesday night, about half-past ten o'clock, he with his crew were in a coble, fishing for herrings, about six or seven miles from land. They had shot their nets into the sea and were lying with their craft fast to the nets. The night was clear and not very dark. The men in the coble could see a ship half a mile off or further. They saw a ship bearing right down towards them, and they stirred up the fire in their lamp or brazier, and had it standing upon the seat of the boat. It could have been seen a distance of three miles. They got a fog horn and blew it, and shouted as hard as they could. The ship never altered its course. She came right down upon them, carrying away the coble's bowsprit, and bearing down the swing rope that they were riding by. The vessel hit the coble on the stemhead. Fearing the boat was going down, as her head was then under water, he told his crew to jump on board the schooner. Himself, Andrew Bogie, and Matthew Williamson jumped on the fore-rigging of the vessel. The witness was hanging by the fore-rigging when the crew of the vessel attempted to knock him back. They struck him with their flat hands on his head, and tried to push him down. The two other men were pushed back by the crew. They failed to push witness back, because one of his arms was fast in the shrouds, and he pushed his way on board. Andrew Bogie jumped up to the fore-rigging again, and succeeded in getting on board the schooner. The deceased, Williamson, in making the second attempt, went further along the boat, and jumped to the main rigging of the schooner. Just as witness got one foot into the gunwale, he saw deceased with one knee on the gunwale. One of the two men who had been pushing witness went to the deceased, and taking up a weapon of some kind, like a piece of wood, he struck deceased on the head with it. Deceased immediately tumbled overboard and was drowned. Witness immediately on getting on deck ran to the master of the schooner who was at the helm, and told him to put it down, and let the vessel come to the wind; but he stamped his feet violently, and swore at him, and attempted to strike him; but witness got out of his way, and some time after got aboard his own boat, which did not sink, as the line broke. He could not say which of the prisoners struck at deceased with the billet, but Joseph and Eugene Jean were the two men who were striking at witness, and they left him and went to the deceased. Andrew Bogie stated in his evidence that it was the Frenchman Joseph who drove him and deceased back when they first attempted to get on board the schooner, at the moment when they thought their own craft was sinking. He saw one of the crew strike Williamson over the head with a piece of wood while he was attempting to get aboard the schooner a second time. He fell into the water between the schooner and the boat, and he never rose any more. Benjamin Robson, one of the crew of the fishing coble, said when he saw the French sailor knocking his mates about aboard the schooner, he remained in the boat, preferring the chance of being drowned in her to being killed by the crew of the schooner. He saw one of the crew of the vessel hit Williamson a blow on the head with a large piece of wood or a handspike. He fell into the water and was drowned. Immediately after Williamson fell into the water he heard some one shout out, "Matthew is gone!" He shouted "Matthew!" but he got no reply. On looking up to the place where Williamson had fallen he observed the seaman Joseph looking over the vessel's side. After the evidence was taken a long conversation took place between the legal gentlemen engaged in this case and the magistrates as to the jurisdiction to the court in dealing with the case, the offence having taken place at sea, and the deceased being an Englishman attempting to get aboard a French ship. It was ultimately determined to adjourn the further hearing of the case for a week, the clerk of the magistrates to take the opinion of the law officers of the Crown in the meantime as to the jurisdiction of the bench in

SKETCHES IN CENTRAL AMERICA.



THE CHIEFTAIN BACH-NA-IBLT.

(LION OF THE ANDES.)

THE WIFE OF BACH-NA-IBLT.

(ROSE OF THE ANDES.)

SKETCHES IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

In a former number of the *Penny Illustrated Weekly News* we gave some account, with sketches, of discoveries lately made in this comparatively unexplored portion of the globe. In the present number are portraits of a chieftain and his wife, and a representation of an allegorical dance, further illustrating this singular people.



ALLEGORICAL DANCE.

AN AMOROUS CARDINAL.

The Civil Tribunal of the Seine has been engaged during six sittings in trying an action brought by the heirs of M. Deville, a creditor of Cardinal de Rohan, against the Princess de Rohan-Rochefort, as representatives of the Princess Charlotte de Rohan-Rochefort the cardinal's residuary legatee and executrix, for the recovery of sums amounting to above two millions of francs. The debts in question originated in the purchase by the cardinal of the celebrated diamond necklace as a present for Queen Antoinette, which occasioned so much scandal in the latter years of Louis XVI's reign. Towards the close of 1784, Boehmer and Bossanges, jewellers to the king, made a magnificent necklace of brilliants, estimated to be worth 1,600,000 francs (£64,000) which all the great ladies of the Court were anxious to possess. The necklace was offered to Queen Antoinette, who declined to purchase it on account of its high price. At that time Cardinal de Rohan was in disgrace at Court, and the Countess de Lamotte persuaded him that if he could purchase the necklace for the queen it would ensure his return to favour, and that the money would ultimately be refunded to him. On the 24th January, 1785, the cardinal went to the jewellers, examined the necklace, and said that he was authorised to purchase it for a high personage whom he could not then name. Some days later, he returned, and purchased the necklace for 1,600,000 francs in the queen's name, and arranged the conditions of payment. He took the necklace away with him, and on the 1st of February gave it to the Countess de Lamotte, who was to convey it to the Queen, but her Majesty never received it; and what became of it has ever since remained a mystery. The fraud was discovered in the following August; and the cardinal, Countess de Lamotte, Count Cagliostro, and others supposed to be accomplices, were arrested and sent to the Bastille. The prisoners were tried in December, and all acquitted, except the Countess de Lamotte, who was condemned to be flogged, branded with a hot iron, and imprisoned for life. Meanwhile, the cardinal had made arrangements to pay the jewellers from his own resources, by transferring to them the greater part of the income of his ecclesiastical benefices, and especially of the Abbey of St. Waast, which produced 225,000l. a year. Some time after M. Boehmer and Bossanges, who owed M. Nicholas Deville, the King's secretary, 900,602 livres, assigned to him the revenues of the above-named abbey for the extinction of their debt. But before any payment had been made the French Revolution occurred, and all Church property was transferred to the nation. The cardinal, being forced to leave France, went to Ettenheim, on the right bank of the Rhine, a dependence of his Bishopric of Strasburg, lying beyond the French frontier. Owing to these events, and the failure of M. Boehmer and Bossanges, M. Deville never received any part of his money. The cardinal died at Ettenheim, in the year 1803, leaving a will, in which he made the Princess Charlotte de Rohan-Rochefort his residuary legatee, and she accepted administration of the

estate on condition that she should not be held responsible to the creditors for any deficiency that might exist. At the time of his decease the cardinal possessed landed property in Baden, and personal property to a considerable amount, part of which was money lent to his relatives, the Prince and Princess de Guemenee and the Duke de Montbazou, which the princess neglected to recover, and it was consequently lost. The princess sold the lands in Baden, and divided the proceeds among a few favoured creditors, but Deville obtained little or nothing. After the restoration, when the property remaining unsold was returned to its former owners or their heirs, and an indemnity was also granted for what had been sold, the princess, according to the statement of the plaintiff's counsel, neglected the interests of the creditors by omitting to recover the sums due to the cardinal's estate, especially those owing from the Guemenee family. For this neglect of her duty as executrix the learned counsel maintained that the princess was responsible in the persons of her heirs, notwithstanding the conditions under which she had undertaken to administer to the cardinal's will. For the defence, it was argued that the cardinal's estate had been properly administered by the princess, that the plaintiffs had received the same share as the other creditors, and that they had no claim on the defendants in the present action. The tribunal took this view of the case, and rejected the plaintiffs' demand with costs.

THE *Ost Deutch Post* states that the King of the Belgians will go to Austria in the month of November, and will pass the winter in a villa near Venice.

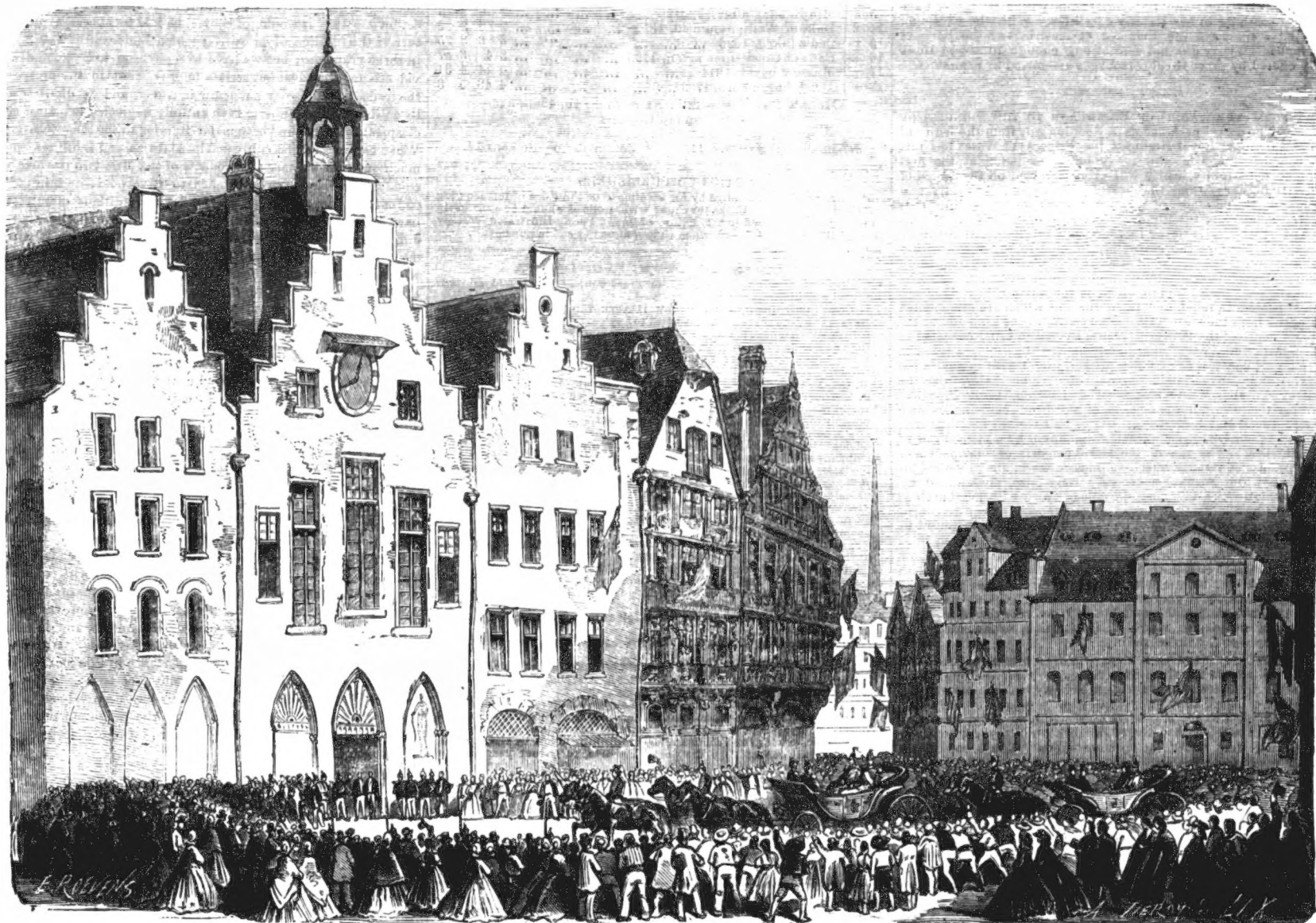
A STRANGE STORY.

THE *Morning Post* publishes the following on the authority of a Warsaw correspondent of the *Sonntags-Zeitung*:—"All the attempts of the Russian Government to discover the leaders of the Polish revolt having hitherto been in vain, the Russian agents abroad were directed to leave no means untried to discover the names of those persons to whom diplomatic reports from abroad are addressed in Poland. Some time since a Russian spy succeeded in getting possession of a document which Prince Czartoryski had forwarded from London to Warsaw; and on learning the name of the addressee, who was a Catholic priest in a village near Warsaw, this priest, Dodicki by name, was arrested and brought for examination into the castle at Warsaw. A search made through his house produced nothing compromising, and the priest strenuously denied having taken any direct or indirect part in the insurrection. The Russian 'Committee of Public Safety' knew not how to dispose of their captive, for his personality did not seem adapted for a diplomatic agent, and yet the details of the spy were so exact and precise that the man must surely be more than he seemed to be. Dodicki was able, however, to clear himself from all suspicion, and was on the point of obtaining his release, when the agent reported that great consternation reigned among the London committee on account of the seizure of that priest, as he was the confidant of the secrets of the National Government, and possessed important documents. It was now endeavoured, as threats availed naught, to extract a confession by means of enticing promises. A prebendal stall, with a rich benefice, was held out as a reward. This modified the stern resolution of the hitherto inflexible man. He swore most solemnly on the crucifix to make revelations, yet he stipulated that

A NOVEL GRIEVANCE.

At the petty sessions, Weston-super-Mare, the following memorial was handed to the bench:—"To the magistrates of Weston-super-Mare.—The following petition for the abatement of a nuisance is respectfully addressed by the inhabitants of Sydenham-terrace, Wadham-street, &c. 'Gentlemen,—Whereas, since the middle of July, the above-mentioned neighbourhood has been disturbed nightly by the crowing of a remarkably fine Spanish cock, from twelve o'clock at night until late in the morning, so as to banish sleep from the inhabitants of the back rooms of the houses mentioned above, your petitioners pray that Mr. Williams, the shoemaker, to whom the cock belongs, may be compelled to keep the cock where it cannot be heard besides on his own premises until a reasonable hour in the morning, or to part with it. This petition has been signed for the purpose of trying remonstrances with the proprietor, but they have been treated with ridicule and contempt. Invalids suffer so much from want of rest that they will be compelled to remove, and even healthy persons will not remain where their rest is incessantly broken, so that your petitioners will be much injured if the nuisance is not speedily abated. They therefore pray your worships' powerful decision upon the subject.'" Mr. Kinglake, after reading the petition, said it was rather a difficult subject on which to give advice. He supposed that the rights and privileges of the lord of the poultry yard had been interfered with, and his domestic happiness blighted, or he would not have crowed out his grief at so early a period. (A laugh.) It might seem to the court a laughing matter; but in truth the loud crowing of a cock in the ears of an invalid was as great a nuisance as the howling of a dog at night. He remembered the judgment of the County

Its hind legs, after a continuance of convulsive motions, became paralysed, and it died sixty-four hours after taking the poison. On the day before its death a hen and six ducks died, and in those which were watched in time the paralysis of the legs was remarked. The two puppies, which had scarcely touched the milk, had meanwhile shown symptoms of fatigue; by degrees they were seized with convulsive trembling, and could hardly stand, then came the acute pains which ended in death, although every precaution had been taken, apparently in good time, to save their lives. All these animals being subjected to dissection, there could not be found the slightest corrosion, or even inflammation of any consequence; only the gall-bladder of the dog was found considerably extended, and in some of the ducks various serous membranes, that of the liver especially, had assumed a whitish and granulous appearance. As to the nature of the poison, if there could have been any doubt about it, it would have been at once dispelled by the characteristic green band peculiar to thallium in the spectral analysis of the organs of the dead animals. Eight days later another hen was taken ill; its wings hung down, it could hardly walk, and when it wanted to peck its food, its neck seemed to have lost the power of bending down sufficiently, so that its beak did not reach the food. The hen was killed, and thallium found in the intestines, but in a very small dose indeed; and the other organs did not contain any. M. Lamy next administered a decigramme (a grain and a half) of the sulphate to a dog two months old, and it died forty hours after taking it. Hence M. Lamy justly infers that sulphate of thallium is a powerful poison, producing pain in the intestines and paralysis of the lower members. This poison and the nitrate have but little taste, and might, therefore, be used for criminal purposes; but fortunately there is not a poison that can be traced with more



THE FRANKFORT CONGRESS—VIEW OF THE PLACE RÖMAR ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE SOVEREIGNS. (See page 202.)

a confessor should be sent to him previously, who should grant him absolution and release him from the oath he had sworn to the National Government. A priest was soon found. Dodicki remained alone with the holy father in his cell, and the committee anxiously awaited the moment when the confessor would leave the captive. As, nevertheless, the interview lasted too long, an entry was made into the cell, and a horrifying spectacle presented itself to view. Dodicki lay a corpse upon the ground, and the priest who was to have granted him absolution lay near him in the agonies of death. All restoratives were in vain, as the confessor had taken a large dose of prussic acid. This priest, whose name was Czerwinski, always passed for a faithful dependant of the Russians, and had at an earlier period given proof of his attachment to the Czar. The corpses were interred in the castle itself. Dodicki is said to have played an important part. He looked very simple, and no one would have credited him with those talents which fitted him to act as chief commissioner of the National Government."

ANOTHER CRINOLINE VICTIM.—Elizabeth Cox, aged thirty-five years, residing at No. 16, William-street North, Mile-end Old-town, expired in the London Hospital, under the following circumstances:—It appears that the deceased was the wife of police-constable 187 K, and on Thursday week, while in the kitchen washing out the sink by the side of the fire-place, a piece of lighted wood fell from the stove on the floor, whereby her dress, which was extended by a crinoline petticoat, became ignited. Her screams brought the husband to her assistance, when the flames were extinguished, but not before she was completely charred by the action of the flames. A medical gentleman was called, who advised her removal to the above-named institution, where she expired from the mortal effects of the burns.

Court judge at Exeter, where the owner of a bantam cock was made to pay the expenses of a neighbour changing his lodgings, as the cock had been known to crow five hundred times in less than five hours. The judgment was appealed against; but the superior court confirmed the County Court judge's opinion, and laid down a wise and humane principle, that no one had a right to injure the health or peace of his neighbour. Mr. Williams was a respectable tradesman, and would, no doubt, confine the cock in a box, where his crowing could not be heard.—*Sherborne Journal*.

A NEW POISON.

OUR readers are well acquainted with the history of the new metal (thallium) which has been the subject of a dispute for priority between Mr. Crookes and M. Lamy. The latter gentleman, in a paper addressed to the Academy of Sciences, now announces a property of that metal, the discovery of which undoubtedly belongs to him, viz., its deleterious power. Having experienced certain pains, especially in his lower limbs, while pursuing his studies on thallium, he was induced to attribute them to a noxious influence of that metal; and in order to ascertain whether such was the fact, he dissolved five grammes of sulphate of thallium in milk, and offered it to two puppies, each about two months old. But after tasting the liquid they left it, and could not be induced to take any more. On the following day the milk, which had been forgotten in the yard, had disappeared, and it soon turned out that it had been partaken of by a dog, two hens, and six ducks; for a few hours after ingestion the dog became sad and refused to eat. During the night it was seized with violent gripes, which caused it to utter piercing cries. These gripes continued during the morning; the dog's features had undergone a change; its back was bent up through the effect of pain, the seat of which was evidently in the intestines.

certainly through spectral analysis than this. This new method of analysis bids fair to render excellent service in cases relating to forensic medicine.—*Galvani*.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—A Washington correspondent of the *New York Times* writes:—"I see the President almost every day, as I happen to live where he passes to or from his lodgings out of town. Mr. Lincoln never reposes at the White House during the hot season, but has quarters at a healthy location, some three miles north of the city, the Soldiers' Home, a United States' benevolent establishment. I saw him this morning about half-past eight coming in to business, riding on Vermont-avenue, near L street. The sight is a significant one. He always has a company of twenty-five or thirty cavalry, with sabres drawn, and held upright over their shoulders. The party makes no great show in uniforms or horses. Mr. Lincoln generally rides a good-sized, easy-going, gray horse, is dressed in black, somewhat rusty and dusty, wears a black stiff hat, and looks about as ordinary in attire, &c., as the commonest man. A lieutenant, with yellow straps, rides at his left, and following behind, two by two, come the cavalry men in their yellow-striped jackets. They are generally going at a slow trot, as that is the pace set them by the dignity they wait upon. The sabres and accoutrements clank, and the entirely unromantic cortege trots slowly towards Lafayette-square. It arouses no sensation; only some curious stranger stops and gazes. I saw very plainly the President's dark brown face, with the deep-cut lines, the eyes always to me with a deep latent sadness in the expression. Sometimes he comes and goes in an open barouche. The cavalry always accompany him with drawn sabres. Sometimes one of his sons, a boy of ten or twelve, accompanies him, riding at his right on a pony."

The Court.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales are expected to arrive at Marlborough House shortly, from Scotland, en route to Sandringham, his royal highness's seat in Norfolk.

We understand that Prince Frederick of Denmark is entered at Christ Church, and will become resident in Oxford at the commencement of the ensuing term. The Rev. Mr. Kitchen, of Christ Church, junior proctor, has been appointed tutor to the young Prince; and the residence of Mr. Alderman Randall, at Grandpont, has been engaged for the accommodation of himself and suite.

His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Austria arrived at the Palace at Coburg, where her Majesty the Queen, their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse, Prince Alfred, and Princess Helena had proceeded previously. The Emperor was met at the railway station by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who drove with him to the Palace, and was received at the entrance of the Palace by the Duchess of Coburg, who conducted the Emperor upstairs, where his Imperial Majesty met the Queen. There were also present Prince and Princess Augustus of Saxe-Coburg, with their sons and daughters, and Prince Edward of Leiningen. A *dejeuner* was prepared for the Queen and Emperor and the royal party, and another for the ladies and gentlemen of the royal household. The Queen was attended by the Marchioness of Ely, Lady Augusta Bruce, and the gentlemen in waiting. Earl Granville was also present. Their Royal Highnesses Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice came to the Palace from the Roman before the Emperor left. The perfect peace and repose enjoyed by her Majesty at a place endeared to her by so many tender recollections, and the respite (however short and imperfect) from public business, have been most soothing to her Majesty's feelings. With the exception of passing visits from the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, her Majesty did not feel strong enough to accept those kindly offered by other royal personages assembled at Frankfurt.

GIFT FROM THE LADIES OF EDINBURGH TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES.—The casket designed as a wedding gift from the ladies of Edinburgh to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has just been completed, and is now ready for presentation at the first favourable opportunity, which will probably occur on the return of her royal highness from the North. The casket is costly and elegant, and is a specimen of rare and curious workmanship. It is of gold, richly inlaid with every variety of Scotch pebbles, so arranged by the artificer as to produce a striking and *reche-chie* effect. The front of the casket is mounted in the centre with a beautifully modelled shield of Scotland, delicately enamelled in heraldic colours. A finely-traced arch of bloodstone, supported by two pillars, encloses a panel in which is set a fine collection of the national pebbles in relief, and the corners of which are ornamented with pearls from the river Tay. The centre of the arch shows the crest and motto of the Prince of Wales, the motto being executed in blue enamel on a ribbon. Immediately above this, enclosed between two rich gold cords, is the following inscription traced in quaint old letters:—"Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, from the ladies of Edinburgh, 1863—Charles Lawson, Lord Provost." Crowning the inscription is a border of bloodstone showing a kilted scull in relief, and bosses of Scotch gems executed in cairngorm, amethyst, aquamarine, and garnet, surmounted by a pierced rail of Scotch thistles. The top of the casket consists of four panels of Scotch pebbles cunningly traced in mosaic work, above which, on a brilliant white cairngorm of very large size, surrounded by thistles in high relief, is a small jewelled crown with pearl arches, surmounted by the Scottish lion. At each corner of the casket, in dexterously-constructed pillars, niches, unicorns sejant, wrought in dead gold, support the shields of arms pertaining to the Scotch titles of the Prince of Wales. Each end and the front of the casket show a large specimen of cairngorm in a pierced setting, surrounded with pebbles, while the back displays in the centre of the panel the Edinburgh arms, finely enamelled. Small triangular panels of Campsie pebble, with gold scrolls in relief, decorate the front, back, and sides of the casket, which is, in addition, ornamented with Runic, Celtic, and Gothic engravings.

THE SMALLEST CRAFT THAT EVER CROSSED THE ATLANTIC.—On Thursday afternoon the sloop *Sajoldmoon*, commanded by Captain L. Wessenberg, arrived from Bremen, Norway, which port she left on the 12th of April, arriving in Quebec on the 12th of July, and reaching Chicago on the afternoon of the 16th of July, occupying ninety-four days. She had a very rough, stormy voyage, but made good sailing time under the circumstances. The sloop is the smallest vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic, being fifty-five tons burthen, while that in which Columbus visited this continent was upwards of sixty tons.—*Chicago Times*.

A CURIOUS CRICKET MATCH.—Some little amusement was provoked at Tunbridge Wells by the announcement of a cricket match to take place on Saturday, between eleven handsome specimens of humanity and eleven ugly gentlemen. As might have been expected, there was a large attendance of onlookers—larger than at any previous match—the visitors principally consisting of ladies. We have not been informed by whom the selection of the sides was made, but we suppose either from the want of "uglies," or the inability to decide who had the best claim to that distinction, it was found necessary to distinguish the latter by the wearing of green ribbon round their arms, &c. In this instance the saying, "Handsome is that handsome does," was singularly appropriated, since the handsome gentlemen won the game in one innings, and had thirty-six runs to spare.—*West Sussex Gazette*.

THE CAT-O'-NINE TAILS AT TAUNTON.—On Friday, one of the convicts from Coldbath Fields Prison was flogged with a cat-o'-nine-tails, for insolent and disorderly conduct. There are a large number of these convicts in Taunton Gaol, and their conduct generally is of the most outrageous description, giving excessive trouble to the governor and the warders. The punishment was administered in the corridor, all the prisoners being locked up in their cells, the trap-doors of which are left open so that the punishment of their comrade can be heard, in order to deter them from similar acts of insubordination. The governor, surgeon, and other officials were present. A short time since another convict received corporal punishment, and having borne it without "squeaking" the whole of the prisoners set up a loud huzzah, and made other demonstrations of their approval of his conduct.—*West Sussex Gazette*.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.—One evening, about a fortnight ago, Ellen Elford, a young woman, whose home is at Rodmin, and who has been living as a servant with the Rev. James Glencross, Liskeard, left her master's house to go to the post-office. On her return she was met in the avenue leading to the house by a fellow-servant, who had pulled her dress over her head so as to leave the white lining exposed. The poor girl Elford was so frightened that she at once became ill, and was a few days afterwards removed to her home, where she died on Monday after great mental suffering.—*Western Morning News*.

FINE ARTS.—We were favoured by Mr. V. Delarue, of 10, Chandos-street, Covent-garden, a few days since, with a view of a series of large size photographs of scenes in Rome, Venice, &c., recently taken by the celebrated artists, Blason, Brothers. We candidly confess that we have never seen more beautiful specimens of the art of photography. In a few days they will be ready for sale, and lovers of this description of art would do well to possess themselves of specimens for their portfolios.

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK

D.	D.	ANNIVERSARIES.	R. W. L. B.		
			A. M.	P. M.	
12	S	O. P. Riots, 1812	1 34	1 51	
13	S	14th Sunday after Trinity	2 8	2 23	
14	M	Duke of Wellington died, 1852	2 28	2 52	
15	T	Cadiz taken, 1596	3 6	3 25	
16	W	Cape of Good Hope taken, 1795	3 4	3 57	
17	T	Moscow burnt, 1814	4 14	4 31	
18	F	Dr. Johnson born, 1709	4 48	5 8	

MOON'S CHANGES.—13th, New Moon, 4h. 42m., a.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.

Jeremiah 35; Matthew 14.

EVENING.

Jeremiah 36; Romans 14.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Penny Illustrated Weekly News," 313, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post may remit a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at the Office, 313, Strand.

C. G. G.—You can no doubt avail yourself of the new Bankruptcy Act so far as to declare yourself bankrupt and obtain a protection; but whether you would pass the examination very easily, is a point on which we cannot possibly form a conjecture. You had much better lay a statement of your affairs before Mr. William Eaden, the eminent solicitor, and obtain his advice. His address is No 10 Gray's-inn-square.

AN ABERDEEN READER.—This correspondent says, "I can assure you that the false, cowardly, and malicious attack of the *Aberdeen Herald* on *Bow Bells* has only created one feeling amongst the inhabitants of this town—namely, supreme disgust. As for the 'London Correspondent' of the *Aberdeen Herald*, I believe that if he were to write his address from a garret in this very self-same town of Aberdeen itself, it would be much nearer the mark."

A SUBSCRIBER.—No person would lend money on the security you mention, as the plea of minority might invalidate it.

R. M. G.—Apply by letter to the Secretary of the Admiralty, Whitehall.

ALASMAN.—There are such a variety of soaps that it is next to impossible to decide which is the best. Perhaps the genuine old Windsor is as good as any of a more expensive kind.

M. M.—Your claim to the property if originally good is so now. Consult a respectable solicitor.

A. E. C.—Search the registers in the Prerogative Will Office, Doctors Commons.

DEFENSIVE.—Certainly, a person living in the outskirts of London, and being out late at night, would be justified in carrying a weapon for the purpose of defending himself against attack.

DIONED.—The character of Julius Caesar has been differently depicted by historians. According to the best authorities he was a cruel but frequently generous foe; prodigal in the extreme, particularly to his soldiers. His person was far from commanding, resembling much, by all accounts, the unsightly one of Pope the poet. He died forty-four years before Christ.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1863.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

Does the King of Prussia intend to spend the rest of his reign in dissolving parliaments? The old Chamber was sitting a few months ago. That one was dissolved. A new one was elected. Now it is dissolved. Another will meet, and it too will be dissolved. The Prussian parliament is only assembled in order to be dismissed, and only meets in order to separate. The King of Prussia treats a parliament as a child treats a toy; he only gets it that he may smash it. He seems to like a crash—to raise his house of cards, and then by a puff of his breath level it. How long is this to go on? If it were not that the Prussian Court appears to have a horror of anything that is plain and direct, and to treat straightforwardness as a crime, one would say that it would be much better to give out at once that it intended to do without parliaments. What can be the use of this perpetual making and unmaking? It is needless trouble to the country, and is only a mockery when the monarch has resolved that his will shall be law. "Do you agree with me?" is the question which the King puts to his Chamber, as soon as it comes together. "No." "Then go about your business." That is rather an awkward ceremony to take place once, but if it takes place twice or three times it becomes dangerous, though absurd. People do not like to be made fools of even accidentally, and as a singular occurrence, but to be made fools of periodically is too much for them. There is an enactment of nature against the repetition of jokes, especially if they are dull jokes to begin with; but no one would dream of a programme according to which they would be solemnly and formally repeated at stated times. This is so serious an infraction of the rights of man, that the most absolute monarchs have never yet ventured upon it. They have done a great deal of mischief, but they have had so much respect for human nature as to abstain from trying it to this extent. Nature especially abhors the repetition of practical jokes, and to stereotype them, to inlay them in the political structure, and to make them parts of a practical constitution, has been left to the originality of King William to attempt for the first time

in history. What is the meaning, then, we say, of the King of Prussia, just at this time of all others, when the oldest despots of Europe are changing themselves of their own accord, into constitutional monarchs, attempting to fasten upon Prussia a return to a discarded despotism which is altogether unaccommodated to any object she has in view? It would be too long a business to enter into all the motives which have been at work here, but there is one which has been conspicuous, and of which M. Bismark and his faction have known how to take advantage. It is King William's sentiment about divine right. It so happens that the Prussian monarchy, being once a miscellaneous mass of territory, pieced together out of States right and left, and being the mere fabric of contrivance and diplomacy, has about as little to do with divine right as any government that can be conceived. Austria and Russia, the successors of the great Western and Eastern empires, might put forward their venerable traditions, and claim the benefit of such a sentiment; but for a Prussian king to be putting himself forward as the child of heaven is about as ridiculous as if a millionaire of yesterday was to disavow his counting-house, and to swear that he was descended from William the Conqueror. However, it is just what people have not got that they want, and that they pretend to have. King William must needs be a king of divine right. It is his passion, his weakness.

WHILE the friends of Lancashire are beginning to warn us, not without reason, to prepare our help for the coming winter, the news from other quarters is by no means discouraging as to our future cotton supply. It would, of course, be idle to expect a sudden return to the full tide of prosperity which Lancashire was rejoicing in three years ago; but we have every reason to hope, under Providence, for a gradual but certain improvement in the prospects of the trade. Cotton does not grow in a day, and in districts where its cultivation has hitherto been entirely neglected, we must not be disappointed if the first crop is far inferior to the American cotton. When cotton was first cultivated in Alabama and Louisiana, we very much question whether the products of the first two or three years equalled the bales since despatched to Liverpool; and, in the case of Indian cotton more especially, many adventitious circumstances have assisted in depreciating the value of new experiments. The difficulties attending its transit through the interior, the rough modes of conveyance, and the characteristic Eastern dishonesty which packed dirt and rubbish in the bales, all conspired to disgust English manufacturers of cotton of Indian growth. Matters are now mending. Roads, railways, and canals are opening the means of intercourse between the ports and the interior, and affording cheap, easy, and careful methods of conveyance, while due precautions are taken to avoid the tricks practised by the packers. In consequence of these changes, and of the increasing confidence felt in the prospects of this branch of the trade, the cultivation of cotton in India is assuming new features. The new crop is considerably greater than that of previous seasons; and, although that which has hitherto been brought to the markets is only of average quality, large quantities of superior quality are said to be now en route. A gentleman residing at Lucknow has sent some beautiful specimens grown from New Orleans seed, and expresses his desire of sowing 200 acres with it in the Oude district. At the Calcutta Agricultural Exhibition, to be held next year, it is proposed to exhibit the various implements required in cotton cultivation free of charge, and we may hope that this will conduce to the employment of the best mechanical appliances in future. The West Indies and Southern America also furnish encouraging accounts. Cotton was formerly grown to a great extent in Grenada, West Indies, and in some of the small islands of the group it is still cultivated. It may therefore be expected to resume its old importance in this locality, and as a proof that the West Indian cotton must not be despised, we may mention that cotton grown in Trinidad has been valued in Liverpool at 4s. per lb. Buenos Ayres and the neighbourhood of the River Plate also promise well. From the latter district great things may be expected.

A YOUTHFUL PRODIGY.—Last Saturday there died at Montrose a lad named Alexander Miller, whose feats as a calculator astonished all who were acquainted with him, and many sought to know the boy in order to put his powers to the test. The gift was a natural one, for Alexander in his earliest years showed a remarkable facility in mentally solving arithmetical problems. For the gift of a marble or a defaced postage stamp he would calculate the number of hours, minutes, and seconds one had lived almost as quick as thought. Some gentlemen, who tried him with a question of this kind, while they worked it on a slate, thought they had caught the lad tripping. His answer was given some minutes before they could compute the amount, and when the results were compared there was a considerable discrepancy. On verification, however, it was found that Alexander had allowed for the leap years, which the others had forgotten. Nor was our hero less adept at working on the slate when at school, for he carried off all the prizes in arithmetic at every examination he attended. He had also from his earliest boyhood a knack of putting into verse any incident or subject mentioned to him. The rhymes were rough and rude, no doubt, but still the gift was remarkable in one so young. The poor boy had been in delicate health for some months past, having two or three fits daily, but he still retained his usual gift of calculation up till the day of his death. He was gentle and affectionate in his manners, and a great favourite with all who knew him. Though generally refusing to display his gift without some little *quid pro quo*, Miller could not be called greedy, as he was ever ready to share his acquisitions with his companions. Thus one has died at the early age of sixteen, who, had he lived, might have been an honour to Montrose.—*Dundee Advertiser*.

NOVEL RETREAT FOR A BURGLAR.—Before the magistrates at Manchester, two men, named Henry Smith and John Pendleton, were charged with breaking into the dwelling-house of Mr. Charles MacLaren, Embden-grove, Moss-lane. Mr. MacLaren had closed his house to go into the country, but, before doing so, had desired his neighbours to keep watch upon the premises. Suspicions were aroused by the appearance of a light in the house, and three of the neighbours went to search it. They found the prisoner Smith at the head of the stairs. He told them the house belonged to him. For a time they failed to discover any one else, but seeing a bed in some disorder, two of the neighbours commenced beating it, one with a stick, and the other with a poker. The prisoner Pendleton started from under the clothes with a cry of pain, and was ultimately handed over to the police, along with the other prisoner. The prisoners had not taken anything from the house, but they had broken open drawers and removed goods within the meaning of the statute. The case was remanded for want of a witness to prove that the house had been locked up, but the depositions were ordered to be taken, with a view to the committal of the prisoners for trial.

THE QUEEN AND THE WARWICKSHIRE MAGISTRATES.

It will be in the recollection of most of our readers (says the *Birmingham Post*) that a county meeting of the Warwickshire magistrates, presided over by Lord Leigh, was held at Warwick a few weeks ago, to express to the Queen their disapprobation of such exhibitions as that at Aston-park, which resulted in the death of the Female Blondin, and to promise to use their influence to prevent such exhibitions in Warwickshire for the future. The following reply has been received:—

"Abergeldie Mains, Ballater, August 29.

"My dear Lord Leigh,—I have received from Coburg the commands of the Queen to express the gratification with which her Majesty has heard that the magistrates of the county of Warwick have unanimously resolved to exercise whatever influence they possess to prevent the repetition of such dangerous and degrading exhibitions as that which lately ended fatally to the poor woman exhibiting.—Sincerely yours, "C. B. PHIPPS.

"To Lord Leigh."

THE REPUTED NANA SAHIB.

THE reputed Nana was still a prisoner at Ajmere when the last India mail left, but was about to be removed to Agra. The *Bombay Gazette* says:—

"The evidences of the identity of the Ajmere prisoner with the Nana Sahib of Bithoor are becoming small by degrees. Few now seem to believe that we have that notorious rebel in our grasp. By latest accounts, however, from Rajpootana, orders have been issued for his removal to Cawnpore under the charge of Captain Camell. It seems strange that means are not taken to prove his identity or otherwise with the Nana of Bithoor before the great expense and difficulties of a long journey are entered upon. Especially is this the case when the photographs of the prisoner which were sent to Cawnpore were pronounced by Captain Court, of the police, and by Dr. Check, the civil surgeon, both of whom were well acquainted with the Nana, as not at all resembling him."

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION.—The town of Bozel (Haute-Savoie) was thrown into consternation three days since by a terrible explosion, which entirely destroyed an inn kept by a man named Raymond, who was also a carrier. On removing the ruins, six bodies were found dreadfully mangled and burnt, being those of Raymond, his wife, child, and servant-girl, and two Piedmontese workmen, who happened to be staying at the house. Another person, who was passing in the street, was seriously injured. From an inquiry instituted as to the cause of this terrible affair, it appears that Raymond, who lived on very bad terms with his wife, returned home with his cart about six in the morning, being intoxicated at the time. Having unloaded, and carried into the kitchen the goods, among which were two casks of gunpowder for a shopkeeper in the town, he was heard to begin a fierce quarrel with his wife, and a few moments later the explosion occurred. From the state of his body it is evident that he must have been close to the powder when it exploded, and there is every reason to believe that he fired it intentionally. Considerable damage was done to the adjoining houses.—*G. Lignani*

AN EPILOGUE OF LORD CLYDE.—It has escaped the chroniclers that Lord Clyde was commissioned by her Majesty to proceed to Potsdam with the insignia of the honours bestowed on the Crown Prince of Prussia, previous to his marriage with the daughter of Britain. Before starting on his mission he went down to Windsor to receive instructions, and on leaving he was told the orders and badge, &c., would be forwarded in a box to his address in London. The box, with the Windsor seal, duly arrived, and Sir Colin, attended by his then ever-haunting *umra*, proceeded direct to Berlin, where he was welcomed with all proper marks of respect. The hour was officially announced for the interview, at which the Crown Prince was to receive the representative of the Crown, and Sir Colin, in full uniform, went to the box to take out the badges and insignia given to his charge. The amazement—we won't say dismay, for it is not a word suited to the man—of Sir Colin may be imagined when he discovered that he was in the wrong box, and that he had carried so carefully along with him a plum cake and some other little tokens of affection sent by the Princess Royal to her betrothed, which had arrived before the Windsor officials had packed up the more stately, but perhaps less welcome, offerings. In a day or two the box came, and the mission was duly performed. *Army and Navy Gazette.*

THE KING OF ENGLAND.—A middle-aged man, named David Booth, a native of Heathfield, and a professional beggar, but who on his first appearance before the bench stated that he was the King of England, was on Saturday brought before the Hon. F. G. Molyneux, at the Town Hall, Tunbridge Wells, charged with pursuing the unkingly occupation of begging at Lower-green, Speldhurst, on the 29th August ult. Police-constable May took his majesty into custody, when the latter took up a stone of about 2lb weight and flung it at the constable, grazing his ear. The bench sentenced him to three months' imprisonment with hard labour as a rogue and vagabond.—*East Sussex News.*

ROBBERY OF £300 BY TWO CLERKS AT HULL.—At the Hull Police-court, Richard Alexander William Biglin, a clerk, lately in the employ of Messrs. Raahange Brothers, shipbrokers Hull, and William Henry Hudson, lately a clerk in the service of Mr. T. W. Peters, shipping agent, Hull, were charged with breaking open the cash-box in the safe of Messrs. Raahange's office, and stealing therefrom about £300 in notes and gold on the 17th of March last the prisoner Biglin absconded, and an examination of the safe was made, when it was discovered that the whole of the contents in money had been abstracted. Hudson had left his employ and joined Biglin. Nothing was heard of the prisoners until the 26th of August, when after having expended all the money by travelling in Wales, Scotland, and England, they delivered themselves up to the police at Newcastle. The prisoners were committed for trial at the sessions.

CAUTION TO GENTLEMEN JOCKEYS.—At the petty sessions for the western division of Penwith a case was heard which excited considerable interest. A person named Christopher Branwell, of St. Just, was summoned by the police for ill-using a donkey. It appeared from the evidence of two police-constables that a country sporting meeting was held at Boscaawell Downs, which included several donkey races. For one of the events some fifteen or sixteen "Jerusalem" entered, the first prize being 7s 6d. The defendant's donkey was the favourite, and led up to the "finish," when the police interfered, stopped the donkey, captured the defendant, and confiscated his whip and spurs, on the plea that he was cruelly ill-using it, its flanks and shoulders being covered with blood, &c. Mr. Boyens, who appeared for defendant, contended that there was no more evidence of ill-treatment or cruelty than might be adduced concerning any horse race in the kingdom. The defendant's spurs had not been unfairly used, and every one in the habit of riding horses was aware that blood would sometimes appear under the circumstances; and if the bench were to convict in this case, they were bound to prosecute every gentleman who followed the hounds in the forthcoming hunting season, and every jockey who rode at the county meetings. The defendant and the other "gentlemen of the turf" were but following the example set them by their betters, in inaugurating a sporting fixture in the far West. The magistrates, however, considered that the charge was proved, but under the circumstances fined defendant only 5s., including costs, ordering his whip and spurs to be returned.—*Western Morning News.*

SEDITIONARY ORGANIZATIONS IN IRELAND.

The *Belfast News Letter* makes the following observations:—"Seditious organizations have always a name as well as a local habitation. In 1798 the rebels were United Irishmen. In 1803 they were Sons of Freedom or what not. In 1848 they were Young Irelanders. Five years ago they were Phoenix men, and to-day they are Fenians and Sons of St. Patrick. The objects and organization of the Fenian brotherhood we have already fully explained; and although we do not believe that it numbers anything like eighty thousand men, that the American brethren assert have been already drilled and armed in Ireland, there are not wanting indications that the conspiracy is wide-spread, and has many adherents. The Fenians, it seems, are to hold themselves in readiness for anything that may turn up. A war with France, now perhaps the most improbable event that can be imagined, or, what is far more likely, a war with America, is what they are to look out for with anxiety. The herald that makes proclamation that America and England are foes will, without knowing it, call the Fenians to arms—not to protect but to assail their country. Vast numbers of Irishmen have gone to America, and the belief is entertained by the ignorant that they will one day come back with a vengeance, as the *Nation* once significantly said. Go amongst the peasantry of the south and west, and even of the districts adjacent to the metropolitan county, and if you have their confidence, you will discover that, sooner or later, they expect that a French or American war will involve England in that difficulty which is to be Ireland's opportunity. It is a sort of tradition among the people that the French will some day come and liberate Ireland. They never dream of asking themselves what liberty it is they require and have not obtained; what grievances they groan under and cannot have lightened or removed by legitimate means; or what accession of freedom would follow upon a French occupation of their Emerald Isle. The fact that such a tradition exists will not be denied by any one who is familiarly acquainted with the peasantry; and within these twelve or fifteen years there has been superadded to it a busy notion that the mass of the Irish emigrants would at the first opportunity come back to their country, not to spend here under English rule the evening of their days, but to drive the Saxon for ever from the shores of Ireland. That such feelings exist is amazing; but when we know that tens of thousands of the peasantry solemnly attribute the famine of 1846-7 to the connexion of England and Ireland, we may well believe anything of the ignorance and prejudices of such men. Now, it is because of this ignorance and this prejudice that we say the Government should at once step in and check any open display of seditious feeling. From Slievenamon to the Ribbon Lodge is but a step; and there is no scoundrel so contemptible but he is able to pull a trigger behind a hedge."

PENALTY FOR SUNDAY HAYMAKING.

An extraordinary scene was witnessed in Leigh, and created much excitement and indignation. Mr. Superintendent Orton, the informer and prosecutor of a number of farmers and others for saving a quantity of hay from impending storm, accompanied by a large body of policemen collected from the adjacent districts, proceeded to execute five warrants of distress on the goods and chattels of the recusants. The parties selected for punishment are all small farmers, who not only characterise the prosecutions as invidious and uncalled for, but are advised, on good legal authority, that the convictions are illegal. The convictions are invidious because, at the very same sessions, the very same magistrates had before them six labourers, for getting coal out of the canal on the Sunday, but dismissed the charge on the ground that the work was one of necessity. We believe that the defendants are advised that the convictions are bad, and the whole of these proceedings are illegal, amongst other reasons, because the section setting forth who shall not work on Sundays does not include farmers in its category, and the act specially excludes works of necessity and charity.

None of the persons who assisted in getting in the hay, as neighbours, and who were convicted for "aiding and abetting," have been levied upon. The warrants are issued on the goods and chattels of Messrs. Peter Cleworth, John Cleworth, Joseph Cleworth, Robert Howarth, and Joseph Battersby, and are signed by Mr. Richard Guest. Detachments of officers were sent to the residences of the five defendants to "take possession," and Mr. Superintendent Orton and some of his officers proceeded on their levying mission. Their first visit was to Messrs. Cleworths' farm, near the Leigh Vicarage. Mr. Orton stated that his demand was £2 6s., being 23s. each for penalty and costs, against Messrs. Peter and John Cleworth. A valuable cow was taken possession of by the police, and driven away. The police then proceeded with the bailiffs cart to Mr. Joseph Cleworth's, in Bradshawgate, where they obtained a sofa for their booty. After safely lodging this spoil in the Town Hall, they proceeded to the residence of Joseph Battersby, in Back-lane, Westleigh, and formally demanded £1 3s. The house and premises bore evident signs of most abject poverty, and Battersby's wife promptly informed the officers that they had much more need to bring them something than take anything from them. She added, "If I had been the gentleman that sent you, I would have lost it out of my own pocket before I would have distressed such as us. My husband is as sober and hard-working a man as any in the parish, and he was only trying to save our bit of hay, and get us a bit of bread, for we are badly enough off. We have not a blanket on our beds, neither under nor over, and it is hard if we must be distressed when we have done nothing wrong." Mr. Superintendent Orton withdrew his men, informing Mrs. Battersby that they would not remove anything. The police then proceeded to Mr. Robert Howarth's house, near Westleigh Mill. Mr. Orton produced the distress warrant for the £1 3s., but the defendant declined to pay. Mr. Orton said, "I seize this chest of drawers in the Queen's name." A handsome chest of drawers was then removed by the police. Although a considerable number of people were present at each seizure, the utmost order was preserved by all. A subscription has been vigorously commenced for the purpose of assisting the defendants in testing the validity of the convictions.

PRESENTATION OF THE FREEDOM OF DINGWALL TO CAPTAIN GRANT.—Captain Grant, the Eastern traveller, is to be presented with the freedom of the burgh of Dingwall. The respected mother of the traveller (widow of the Rev. James Grant, of Nairn) resides in Dingwall.—*Edinburgh Courier.*

HYDROPHOBIA.—On Thursday Mr. James J. Shea, coroner, held an inquest at Crohaue on the body of a child, named Honora Holmes, aged four years and four months, who died from hydrophobia, caused by the bite of a mad dog. Symptoms of this dreadful disease did not show until twenty-one days after the child had been bitten. She was then attended by Drs. Rowles and Goring, but the little creature died on Tuesday in the greatest agony. Immediately after biting the child the rabid animal snapped at a man, who very fortunately escaped without being touched. It then leaped at another man, and caught the leaf of his hat, but he, too, escaped, and it ran on the direction of Dragon, biting everything in its way. It was killed entering that village. Several dogs that it had bitten on the same evening showed symptoms of hydrophobia on the same day the child was taken ill, and were immediately destroyed. The coroner commented on the fact of useless curs being allowed to roam about the country, and said that some measure ought to be adopted to prevent such a state of things. That morning, while going to the inquest, six dogs had run at him. Dr. Rowles said that the greatest nuisance he had experienced in the country was from those useless curs.—*Clonmel Chronicle.*

PROSECUTION FOR RAT-BAITING.

At the West Bromwich Police-court, on Saturday, John Charley, landlord of the White Hart beer-house, Overend, was charged with keeping a place for the "baiting and fighting" of rats. Mr. Travis prosecuted, and Mr. Motteram, of the Oxford Circuit, appeared for the defendant. Mr. Motteram said that baiting and fighting were two very different things, and inquired upon which the prosecution meant to proceed. It was then agreed that the charge should be taken as one of "baiting," and Police-sergeant Payne was sworn. He said that at half-past nine o'clock on the night of Saturday, the 15th ult., he went with two other officers, to the defendant's house, and on proceeding up-stairs he found, in what was apparently a club room, from 100 to 150 persons assembled. There was a rat pit composed of wire, two and a half feet in depth, and between three and four feet in diameter, in the centre of the room, and it was surrounded with ropes and stakes. On the appearance of witness and the other officers, some hesitation was manifested as to commencing proceedings; but after a little time the defendant Charley cried out, "Bring them in; all right, lads." Twenty rats were then put into the pit, and a dog was sent after them. He worried about fifteen of them, and appearing exhausted he was taken out for a short space, when he was again turned in, and finished the remainder of the vermin. The defendant was present all the time. By Mr. Motteram: I won't dispute that it was rare sport. (Laughter.) I like many other "little games." (Continued merriment in court.) I can't say whether the dog did not "settle" all the rats in a minute and a half. I and the other officers were there for about fifteen minutes. We did not tell the defendants not to do it. (A laugh.) Mr. Motteram referred to the 13th Vic., cap. 92, sec. 3, under which the information had been laid, and observed that the question had been decided by the case of "Clark v. Hayes," as to the meaning of the words "a place usually used for baiting" &c. In that case a cockfight had taken place in a quarry, and the Court of Queen's Bench had quashed the conviction on the grounds that such a place did not come within the meaning of the Act. Here the case was very different from a cock-fight, for who ever had heard of "baiting a rat?" If the law recognised such a term the owner of every rick yard in the country would render himself amenable to the penalties under the Act. The learned gentleman contended that the Act had been passed to prevent bull and badger baiting, and was never intended to apply to the killing of vermin like rats. Mr. Travis remarked that in the present case there was the worrying of the dog by the rats. Mr. Motteram: We'll alter the summons, then, to the baiting of the dog if you like. Mr. Travis said there was a great distinction between a quarry and the room of a public-house, in which from one to two hundred people were assembled. The bench announced that they considered the charge had been clearly proved, and inflicted a fine of 5s., with the costs, and in default of payment, directed a distress warrant to be issued. Charges against a number of spectators for aiding and abetting the rat baiting were then heard, and the magistrates ordered them to pay a fine of 6d. each and the expenses, or be imprisoned for twenty-one days, with hard labour.

A FOUNTAIN CUSTOMER.—On Thursday last, as an ox was being driven down High-street, Holbeach, it rushed into the door of the Golden Lion, and walked straight through the house into the yard, where for want of room it became wedged fast amongst a quantity of empty packages. Timely assistance being at hand, the animal was released from its "fix," and turned safely into the street again, without having done the slightest damage beyond causing the barnmaid to faint a little.—*Lincolnshire Chronicle.*

A GHOST CLUB.—Among the oddities of the day is the establishment of a ghost club—not, as might be supposed, a club for the assemblage of genial spirits, but an institution for the organized research into the possibility of a traveller returning from those bourne to which we all look forward with interest. The club is in downright earnest, as may be gathered from the fact that the committee advertise for a "haunted house," one whose reputation is well authenticated. Doubtless the answers will be numerous; and if, after minute research, the committee of the ghost club succeed in re-establishing the respectability of the hitherto supposed haunted mansions, by proving the charge unfounded, their labours will be largely useful, as the number of so-called haunted houses that are closed and have gone to decay in and about town, under this mouldering and blighting reputation, is ridiculously large. We know of half a dozen such. The reader, wishing a pleasant drive out of the suburbs, may choose Finchley-road, and just before the corner of the road made celebrated by the halt of the Woman in White—namely, that diverging to Froggall and to West Hampstead—they will see a stately ruin embedded in trees, quite in the ghostly style. This place, we believe, bears the reputation of being the habitation of a ghost, and is, doubtless, at the service of the club, though the old keeper, who receives the gratuity of the credulous inspector, pool-pools the idea, if not the profit it raises. It has, however, its bit of real romance, well vouched for by this cicerone—namely, the walling in of a wife for two years, without her seeing a ray of light from heaven or the aspect of her fellow-beings. This is the story the person tells, and gives very minute particulars of many other matters highly interesting to the *gobemurche*, with the name of The Bluebeard, which is one not new to fortune and to fame.—*Court Journal.*

THE CHANNEL FLEET AT GREENOCK.—During the recent stay of the fleet off this port no fewer than thirty-one steamers were entered for visiting the vessels, and all signed an engagement not to sail on Sunday under a penalty of £20.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.—His grace has experienced no relief from his sufferings, and his nights are passed in much pain and uneasiness. The *Irish Times* has the following feeling paragraph on the subject:—"We deeply regret to learn that the disease under which his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin is suffering has manifested very serious and unfavourable symptoms. The flattering announcements occasionally published by some of our contemporaries are, unfortunately, altogether unfounded. His grace needs and will receive the prayers of all Christian people in these kingdoms." The age of the distinguished prelate, though advanced, is not extreme, he being only in his seventy-seventh year.

CHARGE OF INDECENT ASSAULT AGAINST A MANUFACTURER.—At the Police-court, Nottingham, on Friday, four young women, respectably dressed, applied to the magistrates for a summons against a factory owner in whose employment they were. One of the young women stated that whilst she was engaged at her usual work, her employer came behind her, and perpetrated the assault. The three other young women present had also been assaulted in a similar manner. They did not wish to prosecute if they could get the wages due to them, but they were determined not to return to the establishment again. The magistrates said they could not order the payment of the wages, but if the applicants wished to take out summonses for the indecent assaults, they would be granted. In reply to Mr. Clayton, one of the young women stated that the gentleman she complained of was aged fifty years, and was married with a family. The summons was then granted.—*Nottingham Daily Guardian.*

MEMORIAL TO ISAAC WALTON.—The inhabitants of Stafford are making an effort to obtain subscriptions to erect a memorial to their townsman, Isaac Walton, of piscatorial celebrity.

A REAL BLESSING.—Maizena forms not only a cheap and substantial diet for the strong, but it is a most strengthening regimen for the sick. One trial will suffice to prove the correctness of the jury of the International Exhibition in proclaiming it "Exceedingly excellent for food," and awarding to it two Prize Medals, being the sole awards granted to any article of its kind. All grocers, chemists, &c., sell it.—*[Advertisement.]*



THE CAMP AT CHALONS.—THE PRINCE IMPERIAL RECEIVING PETITIONS FROM OLD SOLDIERS. (See page 202.)

THE RUINS OF CAMPDEN HOUSE, KENSINGTON.

On a Sunday night in March, 1862, Campden House, Kensington, was destroyed by fire, the inmates escaping with great difficulty, and some not without serious injury, from the flames, the owner himself, from anxiety and his long exposure to the wet and cold, having nothing on but his shirt, being attacked with an illness that

for some time confined him to his room. As soon, however, as he was able to do so, he made the customary application to the office where he had effected his insurance, and subsequently, at the request of the board, sent in inventories of the furniture and fittings, with the price paid for each, or the value he considered those rare items worth, which, as works of art or *virtu*, had no marketable price. After many days, Mr. Woolley was obliged to bring an action

against the Sun Fire-office for £4,500, its portion of the general risk, the whole amount sought to be recovered on the house, fittings, and furniture being a trifle under £30,000. The defence set up to this action was, first, that some of the furniture had been removed from Campden House prior to the occurrence of the fire; that the price set upon other portions was preposterous; and, lastly, that Mr. Woolley had wilfully set fire to the building, or induced others



RUINS OF CAMPDEN HOUSE



THE ARRIVAL OF THE "HUSBANDS BOAT," ON SATURDAY EVENING, AT MARGATE. (See page 202.)

to do so. The trial lasted five days, and it was proved that Mr. Woolley had expended at least £40,000 on the Campden House. The jury found a verdict in his favour. The verdict is a subject of considerable importance, both in a social and moral light, as by that finding Mr. Woolley's character is cleared from a very grave aspersion, under which he seems to have been most unjustly placed, and has, at the same time, recovered both the value of his fire policy and his moral reputation.

The illustration in page 200 shows the ruins of the once palatial abode of Campden House.

BISHOP COLENSO AND HIS CLERGY.

THE archdeacon and clergy of the diocese of Natal have transmitted the following address to Bishop Colenso, who is still in England:—"To the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Natal.—We, the licensed clergy, ministering in the diocese of Natal, desire to address your lordship upon a matter of the utmost importance to the Church planted in this colony. We have heard with the deepest pain of a work published by you, in which you state in effect that you no longer hold, believe, or are able to teach some, at least, of the most vital of the doctrines of the united Church of England and Ireland. We consider that in our relative positions it would have ill-become us to have been the first to draw attention to acts of yours done before the whole world, and therefore we remained silent until those in authority in our Church had publicly marked their sense of your lordship's proceedings. But we understand that a very large majority of the archbishops and bishops having written to you suggesting the propriety of your resigning your office, you have answered that it is not your intention to comply with that suggestion. Under these circumstances, we consider that a longer silence on our part would be most culpable. There are, we are aware, legal questions which it belongs to others to decide; but we feel that we have a duty independently of any merely legal proceedings. The various offices which we hold, the emoluments we receive are held on the faith of our upholding and defending the doctrines of the Church of England, and on that understanding alone could we honestly and conscientiously continue to hold those offices or to receive those emoluments. Unfeignedly believing all the canonical scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, and bound to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrine, contrary to God's word, we feel compelled, in the sight of God and His Church, and more especially before the people committed to our care and charge, to protest most solemnly against the position taken by you in the publication of this book and your determination to retain the office of bishop, and we think it right to lay this our protest before the ecclesiastical authority to whom, next to your lordship, we must look—the metropolitan of Cape Town.—We are your lordship's faithful servants, C. L. Grubbe, M.A., Archdeacon of Maritzburg; W. H. Cynric Lloyd, Colonial Chaplain and Rector of Durban; James Walter, of Pinetown; A. Tonnieson, of Umgababa; W. Banga, of Umbazi; W. A. Elder, of Verulam; Joseph Barker, of Umzimto; A. W. L. Revett, of Addington, and other diocesan clergymen.

THE CAMP AT CHALONS.

OUR illustration on page 200 represents the Child of France, as he is sometimes called, receiving petitions addressed to his imperial father from old soldiers. His highness received these missives in a manner so gracious that it won for him the good opinion of the troops by whom he was surrounded.

GROSS SUPERSTITION.—In one of the streets of Taunton there resides a man and his wife who have the care of a child. This child was attacked with scarlatina, and to all appearance death was inevitable. A jury of matrons was, as it were, empanelled, and to prevent the child "dying hard," all the doors in the house, all the boxes, all the cupboards, were thrown wide open, the keys taken out, and the body of the child placed under a beam, whereby a cure, certain, and easy passage into eternity could be secured. Watchers held their vigils throughout the weary night, and in the morning the child, to the surprise of all, did not die, and is now gradually recovering. *Bridgewater Mercury.*

UNSEEMLY REVENGE.—A few weeks ago a new Jewish synagogue was opened at Dover, and a few, but only a few, of the members of the Canterbury congregation were invited to take part in the proceedings. A meeting of the Hebrews of Canterbury was accordingly held to protest against the slight cast upon them and they passed a resolution that their city was not represented at the Dover synagogue, and they sent it to the Dover congregation. There the matter ended for a time; but recently a Hebrew named Joseph Abrahams came from Cardiff, in Wales, to see his son in Dover, and while on the visit he sickened and died. Now there is no burying-place for the Jews in Dover, and each Hebrew family there subscribes so much a year to the Hebrew congregation at Canterbury for the privilege of burying their dead at the ground of St. Dunstan's; and when a poor Hebrew died at Dover the custom had been to pay some nominal fee to the Canterbury congregation and bury him also at St. Dunstan's. Accordingly, by Sunday morning's post, one Lazarus, of Palace-street, Canterbury, received a letter from Dover, saying the body of Joseph Abrahams would arrive in Canterbury at about half-past ten in the morning, and requesting that it be interred. Upon this Lazarus called a meeting of the Hebrews, and they resolved that the Jew from Dover should not be buried unless a fee of five guineas was paid. This decision was telegraphed to Dover, but young Abrahams had left with a friend and the dead body of his father in a light waggon. The Hebrews of Canterbury refused to receive the body, and shortly after noon the son caused the coffin to be taken from the waggon and placed on the ground near the entrance to the burial-ground, and the people passing up and down the road saw it as they went by. The night came on, and the body was removed to a cart shed; but in the meantime the clerk to the city justices communicated with the leading Hebrews of their city on the subject, and later in the evening the coffin was removed to the dead-house and interred the next morning. The Canterbury Hebrews assert that the ground is their private property, and that they are at liberty to demand of the congregation at Dover whatever fee they think proper for the interment of the body of a poor person sent from that town. The obligation to provide burial rests on the congregation at Dover, and it was assumed that, having no ground there, a fee of £5 5s. might be exacted from them, and therefore it was demanded to atone for the slight,—at least so says the *Kentish Gazette*.

HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.—The best way of living out this good old maxim is to take care that all the Bread, Puddings, and Pastry consumed by you are made with BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER, as directed by the Queen's private baker; by so doing you will avoid suffering from indigestion, and greatly economise your household expenditure.—[Advertisement.]

A PERFECT CHARM.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup certainly does, as the name implies, "soothe" the little sufferer into a quiet, natural sleep, from which it awakes invigorated and refreshed. And for the cure of diseases incidental to the period of teething, such as Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Wind, Colic, &c., &c., we have never seen its equal. We have always been, and still are, opposed to the practice of drugging infants. This article has no deleterious effects whatever, and from our own experience (we speak advisedly) we have every confidence in it, and can heartily recommend it to all mothers. Take our advice—use it—and you will as strongly recommend it to others as we have to you.—*Ladies' Visitor, New York.*—[Advertisement.]

Theatricals, Music, etc.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—Mr. A. Mellon continues his career of success. The crowded audiences that nightly fill the house testify their approbation in the most unequivocal manner of the soundness of his arrangements, in well-selected programmes, executed by the first talent of the metropolis. The Mendelssohn nights appear, if anything, the most attractive numbers being unable to gain admission. The season closes on Saturday next.

DEURY-LANE.—This house opens, this evening, with a new comedy, by Mr. Falconer, called "Nature's Above Art."

ADELPHI.—The "Hen and Chickens" loses not a jot of its attractiveness.

OLYMPIC.—At this time, when a spectro-seeking club is advertising for a haunted house, and the phantasma of Messrs. Dicks and Pepper are met with everywhere in London after dusk, peopling the stage with shadows, and leaving in theatrical treasuries substantial proofs of their real presence—"An Awful Rise in Spirits" will not appear a strange title in the Olympic playbill. The *jeu d'esprit* thus named, written by Mr. Tom Taylor, and produced after his popular drama of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," is at least entitled to be called apropos. It comes to us at a season when we are thoroughly prepared to entertain the subject, and the phantom personages of the piece come upon the Olympic boards so close upon the verge of midnight that we feel there is a kind of fitness in their appearance at such an advanced hour. It need not however, have been thought necessary that an audience should yaw as well as the churchyard—for in such a sepulchral region is the scene laid—when the adjacent tombs give up their occupants. The ghosts of Hamlet, Banquo, Henry VI., Vanderdecken, the Corsican Brothers, Molly Brown, Mrs. Veal, are all summoned by the indignant Bleeding Nun to take revenge on the "inventors" and the "adaptors" of the popular optical effect; those gentlemen here encountering each other in search of additional attractive apparitions. By securing the services of the entire company and getting good performers to fill these trifling parts, the rhymed dialogue of the sketch obtains, of course the greatest advantage in clear and emphatic delivery. The piece consists of a medley recounting the almost forgotten story of "Raymond and Agnes," sung by Miss Hughes as the Bleeding Nun; a little mimicry of *Mlle. Stella Colas* by Miss Rainham, and the usual caricature of Mr. Charles K. as the Corsican Brother. In this sketon the author has become a victim to his own illusive perception, whilst the audience appear to regard the ghosts "objectively."

SADLER'S WELLS.—The announcement of the opening of Sadler's Wells, under the direction of Miss Marriott, a lady who has chiefly gained her theatrical reputation, as well as her managerial experience at the Standard Theatre, will be considered an event of importance, more especially as her programme indicates a return to that legitimacy on which Messrs. Phelps and Greenwood so safely relied for a period of nearly twenty years. During that time, and principally through the unwavering faith here exhibited in the vitality of our national drama, an earnest band of followers has been organized. An entire generation in this quarter has been educated in the school of Shakespeare, and it is not too much to say that the course of instruction embraced a wider range of study than had been previously offered in the way of practical illustration to the students of the bard. An attempt made to change the system by Captain Horton Rays, who became Mr. Phelps's successor, turned out so decided a failure that it was not likely to invite imitation; and Miss Marriott has acted wisely in reverting to the plan which previously answered so well. As yet the plays that figure in the programme have been those with which the frequenters of the theatre are perfectly familiar, but the bill is not without a promise of novelty. Mr. Lovell's interesting drama of "Lov's Sacrifice," with which the season opened, has favourably introduced the directress as Margaret Elmore, and made her new constituency agreeably aware of the extent of her qualifications. Miss Marriott has a good voice and a commanding figure, and well knows how to turn her professional experience to the best account. Associated with the company is Mr. Henry Marston, an old-established favourite of the audience, and Mr. Edmund Phelps, who, as the son of the tragedian, comes recommended by his family credentials. The rest are either selected from the provincial theatres or retained as followers from the East. Amongst the latter is Miss Mandelbert, a vivacious representative of light comedy, and amongst those new to the metropolitan boards we have to welcome a comedian of promise in Mr. George Fisher, who played the rascally clerk Jean Ruse in a style that seems based on that of Mr. Robson; Mr. W. D. Gresham, who, as Paul Lafort, acquitted himself of a disagreeable part in a very creditable manner; and Mr. Henry Haynes, who, when he has freed himself from some stiffness of manner, appears likely to maintain a satisfactory position in the company as a juvenile tragedian. Respecting the dramatic associations of the building—which, as Mr. Bruton's opening address reminded the audience, is the eldest metropolitan theatrical structure that exists in an unchanged form—Miss Marriott has, farinly abbreviated the pit in order to promote the comfort of the more luxuriously disposed visitors. Three rows of commodious stalls in front of the orchestra now show that the last theatre to resist what is a much more recent innovation than many care to remember, has eventually succumbed.

HIGHBURY BARN.—We perceive by the advertisements that the general manager of this favourite place of amusement takes his annual benefit on the 21st inst. So numerous are the frequenters of this place of resort, all of whom have, doubtless, witnessed the civility and attention of Mr. Taylor, that we doubt not the gardens will be numerously attended on the night in question.

MARGATE.—ARRIVAL OF THE HUSBANDS' BOAT. THANKS to the railways, say the residents of this favourite watering-place, Margate never has so full as it has been this season. Beds have been at a premium—and happy has the man been who, on a Saturday night, has contrived to find a bed in a garret, at the extremity of the town, at five shillings—numbers having to walk the streets, or seek shelter in the bathing machines on the beach. We visited Margate on a Saturday, recently, by what the wives call the "husbands' boat." Our space forbids our detailing all the particulars of our experience of the journey; suffice it, the papas were very jolly whilst the water was smooth. Before reaching Herne Bay matters grew worse with them; some were sitting with closed eyes, and when told we were alongside the jetty, exclaimed, "Thank God!" Again the scene changed, and the crowds of loving wives and children, with their hearty welcome, consoled them for the miseries they had endured.

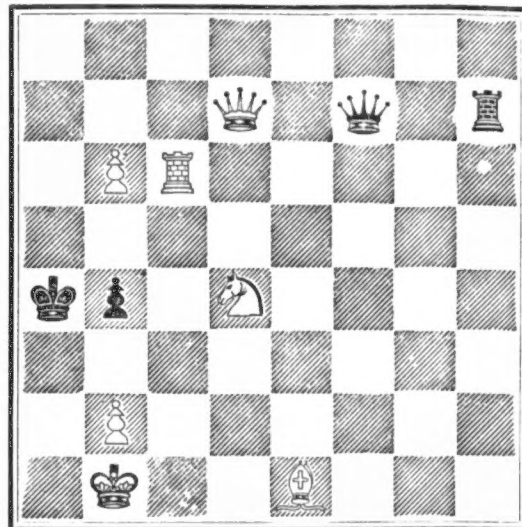
CONGRESS OF FRANKFORT.

THE aspect of the Place du Rœmar during the entrance of the German princes to the recent conference, is faithfully delineated by our artist in the engraving in p. 197. The quaint style of building and picturesque dress of the peasantry and inhabitants combined to render the picture one well worthy of an artist's pencil.

WHEN a room ain't over well furnished, it's best to keep down the blinds in a general way.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 132.—By R. B. W.
Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

LESSONS FOR LEARNERS.

THE OPENINGS OF CHESS.

(Continued from page 170.)

IV.—THE CLOSE, OR IRREGULAR, GAME.
The Sicilian Game.

White. Black.
1. P to K 4 1. P to Q B 4

The Queen's Gambit.

1. P to Q 4 1. P to Q 4
2. P to Q B 4

The French Game.

1. P to K 4 1. P to K 3
2. P to Q 4 2. P to Q 4

The King's Bishop's Pawn's Opening.

1. P to K B 4 2. P to K B 4
2. P to Q 4

The Centre Counter Gambit.

1. P to K 4 1. P to Q 4

The Q B P Opening.

1. P to Q B 4 1. P to Q B 4
2. P to K 4

The Fianchetto.

1. P to K 4 1. P to Q Kt 3

Game between Mr. A. Kempe and another Amateur, both players contesting without sight of board or men.

White.	Black.
Mr. S.—	Mr. Kempe.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. B to B 4	2. B to B 4
3. P to Q 3	3. P to Q B 3
4. P to Q R 4	4. P to Q 4
5. B to Kt 3	5. Kt to K B 3
6. P to K B 3	6. aches
7. Q to K 2	7. P takes P
8. B P takes P	8. B to K Kt 5
9. Kt to K B 3	9. Kt to Q 2
10. P to Q B 4	10. B to Kt 5 (ch)
11. B to Q 2	11. B takes B (ch)
12. Q Kt takes B	12. K to R square (a)
13. Castles (Q R)	13. P to Q Kt 4
14. K to Kt square	14. Kt to Q B 4
15. Q to B 2	15. Kt takes B (b)
16. Kt takes Kt	16. P takes K P
17. Kt to Q B 5	17. P to R 6
18. P to Q Kt 3	18. R to Q Kt square
19. K to R 2	19. Q to Kt 3 (c)
20. R to Q Kt square	20. Kt to Q 2
21. K takes R P (d)	21. Kt takes Kt
22. Kt takes K P (e)	22. Q to R 4 (ch)
23. K to Kt 2	23. Kt to R 5 (ch) (f)
24. K to B square	24. Q takes K
25. P takes Kt	25. R takes K (ch)
26. K takes R	26. R to Q Kt square (ch)
27. K to Q B square	27. Q to R 6 (ch)
28. Q to B 2	28. Q to R 8 (ch)

White resigns.

(a) A waiting move, in order to decide the question of attack on one side or the other, according to the casting of White.
(b) Much better than taking the Q P, which would have relieved White from much embarrassment.
(c) The full effect of this move was not calculated by White.
(d) Perhaps his best move. The Kt could not ultimately be saved. P to Q Kt 4 would be followed by P to Q R 4.
(e) Fully provided for by Black.
(f) K takes Kt P (ch) was the proper method of finishing the game.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

GREAT YORKSHIRE HANDICAP.—8 to agst Mr. Johnstone's The Serf, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb (t); 100 to 7 bar one (off).
ST. LEGER.—7 to 2 agst Mr. Saville's The Hanger (t and off); 100 to 15 agst Mr. T. Valentine's Queen Bertha (t); 7 to 1 agst Lord Stamford's Avenger (off); 9 to 1 agst Mr. H. Owen's Golden Pledge (t and off); 100 to 6 agst Lord St. Vincent's Lord Cliden (t); 100 to 6 agst Mr. P. Anson Borealis (t); 20 to 1 agst Captain Lane's Blue Mantle (t); 30 to 1 agst Mr. Cook's Donnybrook (t); 33 to 1 agst Mr. Watt's National Guard (t freely); 50 to 1 agst Mr. T. Parr's Blondin (off); 50 to 1 agst Lord Stamford's Onesander (off); 1,000 to 15 agst Mr. Ashworth's Dr. Syntax (t); 100 to 15 agst Mr. Crook's Erin-go-Bragh (off); 1,000 to 15 agst Baron Rothschild's Mogador (off); 1,000 to 10 agst Mr. Handley's Cheerful (t); 1,000 to 10 agst Mr. J. Scott's Eagle (t and off).

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.
GUILDHALL.

CHARGE AGAINST A BANKRUPT.—Charles Henry Wood Hurst, aged 21, was charged before Alderman Waterlow with having within three months of his bankruptcy obtained goods by fraud, and also with having, within sixty days of his bankruptcy, removed, concealed, and embezzled his estate, with intent to cheat and defraud his creditors. Mr. Albert Turner, as the legal agent of Mr. North, a solicitor, of Leeds, attended with that gentleman to conduct the proceedings on the part of the assignees. Detective Sergeant Haydon, of the City force, said: I proceeded yesterday morning to Gravesend, in season of the prisoner, whom I found in the act of embarking as a passenger for New Zealand. He was passing in the name of Waterhouse, and when I first saw him he was about to step into a boat to go on board the Zealandia, in which vessel he had taken passage for himself and a young man named Carr, who accompanied him. I stopped him and said I was a detective officer, and that my instructions were to prevent him leaving the country. He expressed his willingness to accompany me to London, and said he expected to be followed, and made up his mind if overtaken to go back quietly. He returned with me voluntarily and without resistance. I found on the prisoner, among other things, two cases of gunpowder, some percussion caps, and a six-chamber revolver. I believed the prisoner to be the man I wanted as he answered the description I had received of him, and although he passed by the name of Waterhouse, I at once addressed him as Mr. Hurst. When I reached Gravesend the vessel was under weigh, but I secured the prisoner's luggage and returned with it and him to the Old Falcon Hotel preparatory to starting for London. While there the prisoner put his hand into his pocket, and drew out this six-chamber revolver, which he was proceeding to load, when Carr, who was also present, knocked the powder-flask out of his hand. The prisoner treated the matter very lightly, and said it did not matter, as he had another flask of powder. Alderman Waterlow: What became of Carr? Haydon: He is present, sir. A very respectable young man here rose from his seat in the court for the purpose of being examined as a witness. Alderman Waterlow (to Carr): I do not wish to implicate you by requiring you to give evidence, but as you doubtless know much of this matter, I am ready to hear anything you wish to say. Carr: I have been made the dupe of the prisoner. Mr. North: I have no desire to call Carr as a witness at present, as it might probably prevent our obtaining information which may be serviceable to the creditors. As the prisoner was made a bankrupt at Leeds on Tuesday last, I have to request that the case may be sent to Leeds to be disposed of. Prisoner: I am not aware that I have been made a bankrupt of yet. Alderman Waterlow: What is the amount of the prisoner's liabilities? Haydon: I believe about £8,000, sir, the principal portion of which has been contracted in Yorkshire. Alderman Waterlow: Then it is a proper case to be sent to Yorkshire to be tried. Prisoner: I should like to have a solicitor, sir. Alderman Waterlow: What for? Do you want one to induce me to alter my determination to send the case to Leeds? Prisoner: Certainly not, sir. Alderman Waterlow: Then you can get a solicitor at Leeds. Prisoner (from whom Haydon took £63 as belonging to the creditors): Most probably I could, but I have not any money. (Laughter.) The prisoner was then ordered to be taken to Leeds.

UNWOLUNTARY MEAT.—John Hamman, of Kingston Magna, Dorchester, farm labourer, was summoned under the Nuisance Removal Act of the present year, under the following circumstances: James Newman, sanitary inspector, said: On the 28th July last, Mr. Shaw, of Newgate-market, called his attention to a quarter of cow-beef, the appearance of which showed that the cow had been mortally diseased before she was slaughtered. The carcass was wet, flabby, and emaciated, and totally unfit for human food. A note had accompanied the meat when sent to Mr. Shaw. It was as follows:—"I have sent you four quarters of beef from J. Hamman, Kingston Magna, near Blandford, Dorset." Witness said the meat was condemned by Alderman Humphrey on the same day. Edward Perrett, of Buxley Farm, Gillingham, Dorset, said it was his mother's farm. In July last he sold to the defendant a cow which had suffered from cancer disease and swelling of the throat for six months, and she could not eat because there was not much grass. (Laughter.) She was sold to the defendant for £2 2s 6d. Witness did not know the value of a good cow. Charles Green, labourer, of Kingston Magna, said he killed a cow for the defendant on the 27th July, near his father's house. It was very poor, and witness told him to cut it up and have salt put on it. Witness believed that he told him not to send it to London, as the weather was so warm. It would have been worth £5 if healthy. Witness would not mind eating it if it were salted. (Laughter.) Albert Green (not related to the last witness), dealer in pigs and cows, said he assisted in killing the cow, and tied it to a tree to chop it. Witness had seen a sight of good meat worse than this. He should not like to eat it unless it was salted. (Laughter.) If he was obliged to eat it he would rather have it salted. (Laughter.) At the defendant's request witness wrote the note which had been now read. Mr. Osborne, goods clerk at the Gillingham Station, deposed that on July 27 he received the hamper, and saw that the meat was unfit for human food. Alderman Waterlow commented on the meanness of the offence, and said that had the defendant been a butcher he would have indicted upon him the highest punishment allowed—three months' imprisonment—but in the hope that he would take warning for the future, he sentenced him to only one month's hard labour.

BOW-STREET.

GOING TO THE GREAT FIGHT.—Two men named Flannagan were placed at the bar, charged with having a quantity of stolen property in their possession. Police-constable 142 F said that about half-past five on the morning of the 1st of September he was on duty in George-street, St. Giles's, when he saw the two prisoners fighting. He went up to them and desired them to leave off, but as they refused he procured the assistance of another constable and took both prisoners into custody. While he was conveying them to the station-house he saw him throw away a silver watch, but a constable picked it up; it had all the appearance of having been stolen from some person, and the bow of it was broken. Moore then put one of his hands into his pocket and immediately after raised it to his mouth, and then he (witness) saw a portion of a gold chain hanging from it. He prevented him from swallowing it and on forcing his fingers into his mouth he took out a gold chain, with a locket attached, and two sovereigns and a half (produced). At the station-house he said he had been to the Great Western Railway to see some friends off who were going to the fight between Mace and Goss, and he should have gone himself only he met Flannagan, and they got drinking until it was too late. Police-constable 176 F said he took Moore into custody. He resisted very much, and as he was conveying him to the station-house he tripped him (witness) up and succeeded in running away. He pursued him as soon as he was able, and on coming up with him he struck him a violent blow, but he succeeded after much opposition, in getting him to the station-house. Ackrill, one of the detective officers of the F division, said he had known Flannagan as a thief for years. He had been tried frequently at the Clerkenwell sessions, and only at the last of which he was acquitted for stealing a pin. He pleaded guilty to the charge before the magistrate, but as there was a former conviction against him the magistrate could not deal summarily with the case. He was sent to the sessions, and there the jury acquitted him. Moore: How could I be guilty if the jury acquitted me? (Laughter.) Sergeant Lambert, of the E division, said whenever the prisoner was before a magistrate he always pleaded guilty to the charge preferred against him. Sergeant Shaw, of the F division, believed, if time were given him, he should be able to prove Moore to be a returned convict. He had known him for some time to be the constant associate of thieves. Mr. Henry asked the prisoners what they had to say to the charge. Moore replied that he met Flannagan. They got drinking, and afterwards, in consequence of something being said, they commenced fighting, and got locked up. Flannagan said he sold things in the street, and the money (£3 6s) found upon him was the result of a little bit of a raffle that had been got up for him. He had been taken up by the police four times in a fortnight for selling things in the street, and that had completely cracked him up. He had nothing more to say than that he knew nothing of the watch or money found on Moore. Mr. Henry: The police saw you Moore, put the gold chain and locket into your mouth. Moore: A man doesn't know what he is doing when he's drunk. (Laughter.) Mr. Henry: You had two sovereigns and a half there as well. Moore: Yes; that's right. It was my own; I put it there for safety. I didn't want to get robbed of it. (Laughter.) Mr. Henry remanded both prisoners for a week.

WESTMINSTER.

GAROTT ROBBERS.—James Luby, a reputed thief, was placed at the bar before Mr. Selfe, charged with two garotte robberies. In June last, two highway robberies, attended with great personal violence, were committed within a short distance of each other, at Chelsea, and the delinquents escaped with valuable booty. From the description given, it is believed that they were both committed by the same parties, of whom the police have been in diligent quest ever since, and Sergeant Hornblow, of the E division, apprehended the prisoner upon the charge as he was leaving the House of Correction. Sergeant Hornblow said, that on the 18th of June, Mr. Joseph Peel, a relative of Mr. Robert Peel, was attacked near Turk's-row, and robbed of his watch by a person believed to be the accused. He (the officer) was unable at that moment to proceed at length with the case, owing to the circumstance of not having had time to procure the attendance of the necessary witnesses since the capture of the prisoner,

Mr. Peel, the prosecutor in the case upon which the prisoner had been apprehended, being at present at Southampton. He would, however, ask for a remand after calling a person, whose evidence would show that the prisoner was engaged in an attack upon a gentleman at the time and place in question, and on a future day he should be prepared with further testimony. The prisoner, who was well known had absconded immediately after the robbery. Mrs. Hazeldine said, that about nine o'clock in the evening of the 18th of June she suddenly observed three men together in the street. One fell, and the other two ran away so fast together that she thought they were engaged in a foot race. The person whom they had left was a gentleman, who complained of having been attacked and robbed of his watch. Prisoner was remanded for a week.

JACK SHAPARD IN DIFFICULTIES.—John Shapard was charged with robbing an aged Chelsea pensioner of £1. Patrick Purcell, the prosecutor, said that he went to the Chelsea Pensioner public-house, near the College, and called for a pint of ale, for which he paid 3d., receiving change of a shilling. He deposited this with two pennyworth of halfpence in a handkerchief, which he tied up and placed in his cap, but he was a long while in doing this, owing to his fingers all being crooked with rheumatism. Suddenly the prisoner, who was sitting near him at the public-house, took a great fancy to the pattern of the handkerchief, and laid hold of it as he said, to examine it. Prosecutor thought he was taking his money, and laid hold of the handkerchief, but the prisoner pulled it from him and in so doing a sixpence fell to the ground. Prosecutor watched it rolling, and while recovering that the prisoner took his halfpence from the handkerchief. Prosecutor asked him to restore them, but he refused, and said he had not got them, and a policeman was then called and prisoner given into custody. Prosecutor said his pension was very small, and fivepence was a large sum to him. Mr. Selfe asked whether the halfpence were found? Prosecutor replied that they were not. There was a man present, "a chum" of the prisoner's, who might have had the halfpence passed to him. The accused denied the charge *in toto*, and said it was not likely that he should rob a poor Chelsea pensioner. The constable who took the prisoner said that both he and the prosecutor were sober. The man spoken of as the prisoner's "chum" was now present. The man was examined, and said he knew nothing about any halfpence. Mr. Selfe asked if anything was known of the prisoner? The constable said no. Mr. Selfe said he should remand the prisoner upon his own recognizances to appear again.

SEVERAL DISTURBANCE ON THE LONDON, CHATHAM, AND DOVER RAILWAY.—Roger Dillon and Dennis Hayes, two Irish labourers, were charged with creating a disturbance and committing assaults upon the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. Mr. George Doughty, of 2, Hyde Park-square, who described himself as formerly a house steward, who had a black eye and some slight contusions on the face, said he was a traveller by the third class on the London, Chatham, and Dover branch from the Elephant and Castle to the Victoria Station on Sunday evening, when, on their arrival at Wandsworth, defendants and three other men forced themselves into the compartment of the carriage where he was, although it was full, and insisted upon remaining there. Complainant pointed out that there was no room, but defendants and their friends declared they had as much right there as any one else. The guard was called on to interfere, but the train went on, and they forced their way down amongst the other passengers, and complainant's boy was seated on Dillon then about his step in complainant's face, and at Stewart's-lane where the train next stopped, complainant again called the guard and desired him to remove the men, but he told him to hold his bother, and, saying that one party was as bad as the other, refused to interfere. Immediately after this complainant was attacked by the defendant Dillon and companions, and a general uproar ensued, an endeavour being made to eject the intruders if possible. Another person in the carriage got out and appealed to the railway officials, and defendants and their companions were at length removed to other carriages. So violent was the attack upon complainant that he considered his life in danger for five minutes. The disturbance created the greatest consternation and alarm, the women who were in the carriage screaming from terror. Complainant considered the guard very much to blame. Had he done his duty promptly there would have been no cause for the present complaint. James Penney, guard on the railway, said that the train came from the Elephant and Castle at 9.10, and a party got into this carriage which was beyond the platform at Wandsworth. He was not appealed to until the train was in motion, and then told the complainant to wait until it got to Stewart's-lane when the complainant could give Dillon in charge. He (the guard) wanted them to wait while he came into the carriage to see what was the matter, but Doughty was much infuriated and committed an assault upon one of the Irishmen in his presence. He saw him push one of the Irishmen out. Sticks and umbrellas were being brandished in all directions, and from what occurred in his presence he considered one party as bad as the other, and said so. He afterwards found Mr. Doughty and four other men had got out on the platform on the other side of the carriage, the door of which was left open. The two defendants were brought to Victoria Station, in other carriages, and given into custody. Mr. Selfe inquired whose business it was to see that the carriages were not overloaded. The guard replied it was his, and he accommodated people to the best of his power, but when they huddled into carriages it was impossible for him to prevent it; and in that case they were generally disposed of in other carriages at the next station. Mr. Selfe inquired whether it was his duty to lock the carriage door. The guard said there had been such an order, but it had been cancelled. An inspector from the railway was stopped forward and declared that it had never been cancelled. The carriage door was to be locked, by order of the directors, and it seemed their order had not been obeyed. The guard said it was impossible to obey it. Neither he nor the other guards did so. The whole distance was performed in twenty-five minutes, and there was no time to lock the doors, one side being opened on one journey and the other on the return. Mr. Selfe said there could be no reason why it should not be. At the end of each journey the door not to be used should be locked. It was an advantage to the public that matters of this kind should come out as it called attention to the state of things. Dillon, in defence, said that Mr. Doughty struck him first and the other defendant denied that he had even been in the same carriage; but the evidence clearly showed that he had. Mr. Doughty said that he had no doubt this sort of thing had frequently occurred on the railway, although it had not been brought forward in consequence of persons not liking to lose their time; and he was anxious to prosecute this case for the benefit of the public. Mr. Selfe said that defendants and their party had been guilty of a great outrage in forcing themselves into this carriage, where there were women and children, conducting themselves with such violence, and causing so much alarm. He should inflict a penalty of 60s. upon Dillon, and 10s. upon the other defendant. The fines were paid.

CLERKENWELL.

THE HISTORY OF A WIFE'S FALL.—Mary Ann Sinclair, a dispirited-looking woman, was charged before Mr. D'Eyncourt with knocking at the door of her husband's house without lawful excuse. The husband stated that about ten years ago the defendant left him having one day while he was out sold his goods. She led a very profligate life, and was in the constant habit of getting intoxicated. A short time after she left him she took a man to a brothel and robbed him of his watch. For that offence she was given into custody, and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labour. Occasionally, when she was the worse for liquor, she came to his house and annoyed him because he would not take her back or provide her with maintenance. The defendant said she was determined to annoy him if he did not give her some money, as she was often without food. Her husband was as bad as she was, for he was cohabiting with another woman. The husband said he did not want his wife punished; all that he required was that she should not annoy him. Mr. D'Eyncourt said the parties had better get their friends to settle their differences. He then discharged the woman with a caution, remarking that if the husband's statement was correct he had a very good case for the Divorce Court. The wife, who said she would be revenged of her husband, then left the court.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

A NEDDLE SOME FELLOW.—John Smith, of 16, West-street, St. James's, a discharged constable of the metropolitan police force, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with demanding to see the pass of leave of Thomas Cumming, an able-bodied seaman, of her Majesty's Naval Barracks, Shrewsbury. The complainant, a good specimen of an English sailor, said: A little after twelve on Saturday night I was having supper at a fish shop in Crown-street, when the prisoner said I was a deserter from the royal navy, and wanted to take me into custody, at the same time stating that he was a detective. The prisoner said he would wait till I had eaten my supper, and then take me. I told the prisoner to be off, or he would get into trouble, and asked the prisoner for his warrant ticket if he was a detective. The prisoner then asked to see my leave pass, and I told him that as he had refused to let me see his ticket I would not let him see my pass. Mr. Tyrwhitt: You had a pass, and declined to show it to a person of the prisoner's description? Complainant: That was it, sir. I felt insulted. Prisoner: I heard some one say the sailor was a deserter from the Fingard, so I thought I would keep my eye on him till a constable came. It is a rule of the navy for the men to wear the ribbon on the cap to indicate what ship they belong to, and I asked the prisoner for his. I do not an appointment in the Preston police, and am going to it tomorrow. The sailor used bad language, and I thought I was doing a public duty. I was dismissed from the police. Mr. Tyrwhitt: And you are going to another force? Prisoner: Yes. They know it. I was acting on public grounds. Mr. Tyrwhitt: I think quite differently. You will have to pay £5, and I hope the Preston force will know what sort of a man they have taken on.

THAMES.

THE FALSE FRIEND.—CRUEL ROBERT.—George Robert Robson, a seaman, was brought before Mr. Partridge, charged with stealing a bag filled with clothes, the property of Charles Frederick Allen, 4, Coleman street, City. It appeared that the prisoner, a coarse-looking fellow, about 30 years of age, with beard and moustache, who looked very much unlike what he represented himself to be, had been lodging in the house of the prosecutor's father-in-law, in Coleman-street, and represented that he was going away in the ship John Davis. The prosecutor was anxious to go to sea, and the prisoner said he would get him a berth as steward in the same vessel, and they might as well go away together. The prosecutor, on the faith of these representations, provided himself with an outfit, which consisted of two coats, two waistcoats, seven shirts, two flannel shirts, two pairs of trousers, six pairs of socks, two pairs of drawers, five neckties, a blanket, rug, brush, razor, and other articles. The whole of the prosecutor's "kit" was deposited in a large canvas bag. A few days since, the prosecutor bade farewell to his father and friends, and started from the City for the West India Dock, where the John Davis was said to be ready for sea. The prisoner took the prosecutor to the house of a man named Gilpin, of No. 1, Hargreave-street, Ratcliff, where Allen was advised to leave his bag of clothes while they went to the shipping-office to sign articles of agreement. On reaching the shipping-office it was ascertained that the John Davis was not ready for sea, or at least it was so represented by the prisoner, who then took his friend to the July Caulkers, a house of public entertainment on the Surrey side of the river, where they remained for three days, and all that time the prisoner lived at the expense of his friend. The prosecutor gave the prisoner some money to buy a mattress. The prisoner never returned with the money or the mattress, but on the same afternoon the prisoner called upon Gilpin, and demanded the bag of clothes and a concertina which Allen left there on the previous Thursday, and said, "the bag and the concertina belong to me." He also said Charlie, meaning the prosecutor, had shipped and gone to sea. Gilpin delivered the clothes and concertina to the prisoner, who was not seen again until the prosecutor's father met him on Snow-hill, and gave him into the custody of a City policeman named Edwin Ruse, No. 505, to whom prisoner said, "No, that can't be, I have just come from Gravesend." Two constables insisted on securing the prisoner, who then said, "Well, I did take the bag of clothes and the concertina, and lost them all." Mr. Partridge thought the prosecutor had acted with considerable imprudence. Allen: Well, sir, I am not a suspicious man, and I thought the prisoner was an honest man and would not rob me. I have lost everything. Mr. Partridge was sorry the prosecutor's confidence in the prisoner was so very sadly abused. He remanded the prisoner for a week, and directed Ruse to make inquiries about the prisoner, who was a disgrace to a blue jacket.

A DESERTER AND A RUFFIAN.—Henry Weight, alias Welch alias Pils, a labourer, about 25 years of age, was brought before Mr. Partridge, charged with being a deserter from the Royal Marines, and with assaulting his wife. The prisoner was given into custody by John Needham, his wife's father, in Periwinkle-street, Ratcliff. Needham charged the prisoner with deserting from the Royal Marines at Chatham on the 3rd September, 1862. The prisoner denied that he was a deserter, and attempted to make his escape from a policeman named Daniels, No. 257 K, with whom he had a severe struggle. Daniels produced a copy of the *Free Press and Police Gazette* of the 5th of September last, in which the prisoner was described. Martha Weight, the prisoner's wife, of No. 5, George-street, Ratcliff, who seemed to be in great pain, with difficulty took her place in the witness-box. She said she was the wife of the prisoner, who had almost continually ill-used her since their marriage. He came home tipsy on the previous afternoon at twenty-five minutes before four o'clock. She gave him a strong cup of tea, and reminded him that he had to go to work at four o'clock. He then began to abuse her, and struck her under the ear, and also about the head, face, and body. He took a knife from a cupboard, and, pointing it at her breast, said he would stab her with it. In answer to Mr. Partridge, she said the prisoner had been in the practice of beating her for a long time, but she was so much attached to him that she had no wish to prosecute. Since his desertion from his regiment he had earned from 12s to 23s per week, of which he only allowed her 7s and 8s. She had one child, a little boy who was outside the court. Mr. Partridge said the prisoner had committed a very brutal assault, and sentenced him to three months' imprisonment with hard labour. On his release from gaol the prisoner would be sent to Chatham to be tried for desertion.

LAMARSH.

FASHIONABLE THIEVES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—James George Smith, a tall, middle-aged man, of respectable appearance, who described himself as an American, without a settled home in England and Mary Smith a fashionably dressed female, were placed at the felons' bar before Mr. Partridge, on various charges of stealing articles of property from the different stalls and courts of the Crystal Palace. Mr. Inspector Dunlop of the F division, was in attendance to watch the case; and a solicitor appeared for the prisoners. Mr. Thomas Marriott, the keeper of a general stall in the Crystal Palace, said that the prisoners came to his stall on Saturday, and while the male prisoner was bargaining with him for a pencil-case he observed the female engaged in handling different articles of property. Just as they had left he missed an article, "a lady's companion," of the value of 10s., from the stall, and he instantly sent his assistant after them, and desired her to tell the female that if she was going to keep the article she had taken she must pay for it, and he got his property back. Fanny Bess, assistant to the last witness, said she followed and told the female prisoner what her master had told her, and she at first denied having taken anything, but in a moment or so she took the "lady's companion" from her pocket and handed it to her (witness), and the male prisoner said she had done very wrong in taking it. Police-constable George Copping, 318 P, said that on Saturday he was on duty in the Crystal Palace, and from information given to him by Mr. Marriott he accompanied that witness to the railway station, where he pointed out the prisoners to him, and he took them into custody. He conveyed them to the station, and on searching them there he found on the male prisoner two purses, one new and the other an old one. In the latter was an American greenback note for 100 dollars, and 18s 6d. in silver; and in the former blue sovereigns and blue half-crowns. In his coat pocket he also found an ivory opera-glass, two count bottles, and a variety of other articles, such as are exposed for sale at the different exhibitors'. There was also found on the female a black-cased opera glass, the stoppers of the two count bottles found on her companion, thirteen receipt stamps, and a variety of pins, rings, bracelets, &c. Mr. John Henry Lloyd, of the firm of Whitmore and Lloyd, proprietors of the stationery court in the Crystal Palace, said that on Saturday evening he was sent for to the police station in the Palace, and there saw the prisoners. He was shown a pocket-book and a purse, both containing his name and mark, and both his property. They were both of the value of 10s. Mr. Vase, manager of the Bohemian Court, deposed that the count bottles produced by the officers he had seen safe at twelve o'clock on Saturday and about that time he observed the prisoners there. The witness was quite certain the articles had not been disposed of. Mr. Sturtevant, exhibitor at the Palace, identified the opera-glass found on the male prisoner as his property. It was of the value of £2 10s. Other cases were about to be preferred against the prisoners, but the magistrate considered the four cases already deposed to, and the fact of the prisoners having been frequently seen in the Crystal Palace together, as sufficient for the ends of justice, and they were not entered on. The attorney for the prisoners, in reply to the charges, said that the male prisoner was a person of high respectability, a native of America, as he described himself, and was in this country on matters of business. He had on him when taken a gold watch and chain of the value of £30, and this, together with the gold and notes found on him, would prove to some extent that he was a person of some respectability. The fact was that he had accidentally fallen into the company of the female prisoner, who made him her dupe, and if his worship should think of dealing seriously with the case he hoped that, as far as the male prisoner was concerned, he would deal with him for the unlawful possession. Mr. Partridge said that it appeared to him that both had carried on a systematic system of plunder in the Palace, and, therefore, he could make no distinction in their cases, but commit both for trial. The magistrate also refused to make any order about giving up any part of the money found on the male prisoner.

WOOLWICH.

A THIEF CHASE IN A RAILWAY TUNNEL.—John Smith, a private of the 60th Rifles, stationed at the new barracks, Gravesend, was placed at the bar before Mr. Traill, charged with stealing a valuable gold watch and chain, the property of a licensed victualler in that town. From the evidence it appeared that on the previous night the station-master at the Woolwich Dock and Station of the North Kent Railway received a telegraphic communication from Gravesend relative to the robbery and giving a description of the prisoner, who it was stated had entered an up train for London. A sharp look-out was kept, and shortly afterwards, on the arrival of an up train, the prisoner was found to be seated in a first class carriage, wearing a gold chain in the most ostentatious manner. An effort was made by the station-master and his assistants to secure the prisoner, but he successfully resisted, and jumping up the line of rails, ran into a tunnel near the station, where he was pursued, but in consequence of the darkness escaped. A provost-sergeant of the prisoner's regiment arrived by a subsequent train, and, with the assistance of the military police, the prisoner was afterwards apprehended, after a desperate resistance, in Church-street, Woolwich. The watch and chain, which the prisoner threw from him during the scuffle, were recovered. Mr. Traill directed the prisoner to be forwarded to the Gravesend police authorities.

DISCOVERY OF DEAD BODIES ON THE ROOF OF A CHURCH.

On Wednesday morning week, shortly after nine o'clock, the body of a male child was found stowed away between the rafters of the roof of St. Mary's Church, Whitechapel. It appears that Mr. Churchwarden Lancaster had given orders for the general repairs of the upper portion of the church, and directed the attention of the contractor to the defective state of the roof on the south side of the clock tower. A number of workmen were accordingly engaged to remove the old tiling, and while so occupied they found a bundle, which emitted a fearful effluvia, and on unrolling it they found the dead body of a child, which was covered with dust and very much decomposed. They lost no time in removing the body to the interior of the church, and called in Dr. Blackman, of the High-street, Whitechapel. The age of the child could not be ascertained, but he was of opinion that death had taken place about twelve months previously. The body seemed to be complete, and there was no indication of violence. A meeting of the parochial authorities subsequently took place, and their legal adviser (Mr. Mitchell, the vestry clerk) advised them to forward information to Mr. John Humphreys, the Middlesex coroner. It is a singular fact that about two years since the body of a child was discovered, almost in a similar manner by some workmen under the gallery of the same church while they were making repairs. At an early hour on Friday morning week Mr. Lancaster, the senior churchwarden of St. Mary's Church, Whitechapel, attended by another of the parish officials, went to the church for the purpose of seeing that a search was made in the roof and steeple, to ascertain if any more bodies were secreted.

The result of the search was, that in all eleven coffins, three of which contained bodies of children, were brought to light. Eight of the coffins were broken sunder and were in pieces; apparently from violence; three were in good condition, and one had written on it, in black-lead pencil, "Mrs. Foster, No. 35, Bedford-street." Two of the children were supposed to have been still-born. It is not apparent how the third child came by its death. In addition to these remains, about seven skulls, fingers, and bones of children were found. There were some bones and dust and the remains of clothing. A cap was on the head of one of the bodies, and napkins were also lying among the remains.

On Saturday forenoon, at ten o'clock, a search in a part of the church hitherto overlooked was instituted by order of Mr. Churchwarden N. J. Powell, and with the most unexpected results.

In the belfry, behind a sort of wooden chamber or box, containing one of the huge clock-weights, a child's coffin was found standing on end. Upon proceeding up-stairs into the clock chamber, the men employed in the examination found a child in a shroud, and no fewer than eleven skulls. There was also, in another part of the chamber, a coffin containing a quantity of sawdust, which upon being removed disclosed to view the skeleton of a child with a cap on the skull. These and other remains had been placed behind some beams or joists parallel to the wall, at a height of eighteen feet above the floor of the chamber. To reach the place where the remains were found, it is stated that two persons must have been engaged, for the only access to it was by means of a narrow ledge of timber, five feet from the ground, and the coffins have been handed up to the person above by an accomplice. The place to catch hold of was very narrow, and if the person clinging on had made the slightest slip, he would infallibly have been killed by falling into the iron machinery of the church bells.

It is extraordinary that these remains were not discovered before, as a marble slab in the bell-chamber states that the bells were thoroughly repaired in honour of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, on the 10th of March.

Inspector Dandy succeeded in finding a Mrs. Allen, who resided in Bedford-street, Stepney, by the address that was pinned to the inside of the coffin, in which one of the bodies were found. She states that about two years since she lost a child, who died very young, and she engaged a Mr. Holly, an undertaker, residing at the East-end of London, to take the deceased for interment, for which he was paid, and she had heard no more of it until the present time. The child was to have been buried as a still-born child, and the undertaker placed the body in a small plain coffin, and handed it to one of the grave-diggers, named Smith, who has since died; but it is believed he disposed of the body by patting it surreptitiously under the belfry room.

INQUEST ON THE BODIES.

On Saturday afternoon, Mr. Humphreys and a jury of sixteen, assembled at the Angel Tavern, High-street, Whitechapel, to investigate the circumstances connected with the extraordinary discovery.

A gentleman from the office of Mr. Mitchell, the vestry clerk of

St. Mary, Whitechapel, attended to watch the case for the parochial authorities; and there were also present the Rev. Mr. Cohen, the rector, with Mr. Churchwarden Lancaster, and other influential gentlemen.

The jury having been sworn, the coroner requested their attendance at the church, where they proceeded to view five complete bodies, which were in shells, while the other remains were piled up in a heap upon the floor.

Mr. John Holly, of Orange-row, Charlotte-street, Whitechapel, an undertaker, said that he had a great number of funerals in the parish. It was his custom to bury at Whitechapel Church, more particularly still-born children. Witness used to forward the bodies by a man named Smith, who assisted at the church. Witness used to give him half-a-crown, and directed him to give it to the sexton with the certificate. Witness used to give him something for himself and porter, or messenger. It was not the practice to see still-born children buried.

By the Coroner: I cannot say whether any of the children sent to Whitechapel Church were buried. I believe that the man Smith used to keep the money back, appropriate it to his own use, and hide the coffins.

Mrs. Allen said that she had examined the body of the child in the marked coffin, but could not identify anything.

Samuel Wilkins, of No. 2, Church-lane, Whitechapel, said that he was sexton, and had in that capacity received the dead bodies

M. LOTTO.

THE remarkable success recently achieved by the young Polish violinist, M. Lotto (whose portrait appears in this page), at the Crystal Palace, and Mr. Mellon's concert, constitutes one of the leading topics of conversation in musical circles. M. Lotto made his first appearance on Saturday, the 13th of June, and created such an extraordinary sensation that the directors secured his services on the spot for two more of the Saturday concerts, and subsequently engaged him to play every day for an entire week; thereby not only proving their sense of his merit, but showing that he was an unusual attraction. Probably not one of the company who attended the concert at the Crystal Palace, in which the young violinist made his first appearance, had ever heard the name of Lotto, or had ever seen it before they read it in the announcements. It was natural, therefore, that inquiries should be made as to who and what M. Lotto was, and that curiosity should be largely excited. We are enabled to lay before our readers a brief sketch of M. Lotto's career from his earliest youth, and also to present them with a likeness taken from a photograph.

Izydon Lotto was born at Warsaw, on the 22nd of December, 1840, and is consequently twenty-three years of age. His father was a musician, and belonged to the humbler ranks of life. Before the little Izydon was four years old he displayed an extraordinary precocity and aptitude for music, and his father gave him all the instruction that lay in his power, principally directing his studies to playing the violin, of which he himself was a professor. Izydon learned rapidly, and at eleven years of age had excited astonishment and delight in all who heard him, not only by the brilliancy and perfection of his mechanism, but by the purity of his tone, the freedom of his bowing, and his great command of expression, most uncommon in one of his years. By the advice of his friends—who, it may be added, subscribed more than words towards the advancement of the young violinist—Izydon's father sent him to the Paris Conservatoire, where he studied under M. Massart, the celebrated professor of the violin, for several years. At the age of twelve, when his first year had just been completed, Izydon carried off the first prize for violin-playing, an honour which can be only estimated at its full value by a knowledge of the number of competitors who enter for the Conservatoire prizes and the amount of talent displayed at the trials.

At the age of eighteen Izydon Lotto had finished his education at the Conservatoire, which, in addition to his violin-practice, comprised studies in harmony, counterpoint, fugue, and composition. His violin-playing had already won the admiration of all the connoisseurs connected with the great musical establishment in the French capital. His future was now in his own hands, and, determined to try his fortune in the world, he set out on a tour through Europe. He first made the circuit of France. Thence he went to Germany, Holland, and Belgium, and subsequently proceeded to Spain and Portugal. His progress was attended everywhere with honour and emolument. He was decorated with the Order of Merit by the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen and the King of Portugal, and was appointed solo violinist to the King of Portugal and the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar.



LOTTO, THE POLISH VIOLINIST.

of still-born children, but not latterly. The last one was from the certificate of Dr. Blackman, last spring. Had never received a body from Mr. Holly, the undertaker, and that person never came to witness to say that he had a still-born child to bury. Did not know Mr. Hicke; but he used to know a Mr. Crankam, but he never had any bodies from him.

Coroner: How many still-born children have you buried within the last five years?

Witness: About three or four.

Coroner: Do you keep the certificates?

Witness: No; they were destroyed.

Joseph Conner, the chief bell-ringer, No. 2, Morland-place, Bl-hops-gate-street, said that he had been a grave-digger in various places. He never buried any still-born children at Whitechapel Church, where he had formerly held the situation of grave-digger. He had left there three years. He never knew anything of the burials.

The inquiry at this stage was adjourned, and the coroner said that he was in hope that the next meeting of the jury would throw some light on the present mystery which surrounded the

Jesus Christ our Lord's sake," was solemnly said, and before the company could sit down again the chairman, with a "Now then," had thrust a huge carving-knife into a monstrous sirloin of beef. Then began the attack upon the enormous joints of meat: joints so large that beneath their weight any other table than those rough deals might have tottered and fallen—he meat disposed of, troops of ladies, sixty in all, and headed by the band, entered the tent at both ends, and walked round the tables in single file, each lady bearing in her hands a steaming plum-pudding decked with geranium and verbeena blossoms. In the pudding procession were Mrs. Denison and the Misses Denison, daughters of Sir W. Denison; Miss Henley, daughter of the member for Oxfordshire; and Mrs. Goldsworthy and others. When the puddings had been eaten, a monster loaf (twenty quarters), six feet long, and made of this year's corn, was brought in on four men's shoulders, and placed in front of the chairman, and while a burly farmer, with one foot on the table and another on a seat, was endeavouring to cut up this, a huge cheese, weighing upwards of 80lb., made its appearance.

There are many men who have a strong curiosity to know what is said who have little or no curiosity to know what is true.



SWEETHEART NAN AMAZES MRS. HELPS.

Literature

SWEETHEART NAN;

OR, THE PEASANT GENTLEMAN'S DARLING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY ELFRIDA'S POWER."

CHAPTER XXVII.

WAITING.

I HAVE written to this effect several times during the narration of this tale, that though the inexplicability which distinguished the life at Oaklands was gradually cleared away from the various personages who took part in the events I am putting to the reader, it would be a fault at once to set the reader right on this point. There is a very good reason for maintaining this determination. If the reader learnt the causes of a state of things of which he at present knows nothing, he would lose all interest in the action of those who are represented, so far, to know nothing of those causes.

I will therefore adhere to the plan I have already drawn out, and that is, to refrain from enlightening the reader, till most of those who were interested in this matter, and who were to learn its hidden facts, learnt the circumstances of the calamity.

It will be remembered that Dorton was apparently the first individual to commit himself to the statement that a marriage between his brother and Miss Lemmings could never take place. It will also be recalled that Sir Edgar Pomeroy resisted that impression on the part of his brother, even when they had turned their heels upon the father and daughter, and were pausing on the threshold of Oaklands.

It will not be forgotten that it was at this point Dorton whispered a something to the younger brother, which totally changed the current of his thought and wish; and that thereupon, following the statement the serving woman gave Lemmings, the baronet appeared more eager to depart than the Doctor.

Then followed the commencement of the action for a breach of promise of marriage, this action being succeeded, after the lapse of a few days, by the appearance of Gilbert Dorton once more at the house where he had once been made so heartily welcome.

What passed between Dorton and Lemmings at that interview it is quite impolitic here to state. It would be beyond the province of this work, which is to set out in as lucid a manner as possible the effect of a something unknown and wholly unsuspected, gradually taking possession of several minds one after another, and changing them, more or less, in respect to the consideration in which Sweetheart Nan had been held.

In those few days which passed between the commencement of the action-at-law and the reappearance of Dorton at Oaklands, no active addition to the trouble in which the owner of the house was plunged became added to his weight of anger, pain, and grief, for Ellen Villiers had kept the new outrage which threatened the father and daughter to herself.

This outrage had taken the form of a letter, on the part of Lord Penton, to Ellen, desiring her, as his intended wife, to leave Oaklands, and remain with an aunt of the nobleman's till the advent of the marriage.

To this request Ellen Villiers sent a plain, positive reply, that she knew not how to desert old friends when they had most enemies, adding that she could not leave Oaklands: and, furthermore, that if Lord Penton was so unjust as to feel hurt at this decision, she was willing to break their engagement.

Lord Penton replied that to break their engagement was quite out of the question; that he would never force the inclinations of his wife, and that he yielded to her remaining at Oaklands; but he added that he regretted her determination.

She was seated with Annie, in the latter's own little room, when the clatter of a horse's hoof, which always makes people in the country peer through their windows, called their attention to the avenue.

Ellen looked quickly at Annie, as she marked the visitor, Gilbert Dorton.

She said, however, nothing; while Annie stooped over her work, and was also silent.

It may be a matter of surprise to many readers, especially to those who belong to Eve's sex, that there appeared to be no con-

fidence in this matter of the rejection between the two old friends and schoolfellows.

Right or wrong, such was the case. It may be that there could be little confidence in a matter where all appeared inexplicable; but it is more than probable that the want of confidence was due to Annie's own determination. There was something of her father's nature in her. In her way—frank, pleasant, and attractive as her friends knew her to be—in her way, she was proud, and not inclined at all times to seek relief in that confidence which the majority of women find a great satisfaction.

She "made up" the omission to Nelly by extra love and frankness upon all other subjects but that of the rejection. Upon this point she said no word.

She went on at her work while the interview between Dorton and her father was taking place. However agitated she might be, she did not show it. And not alone because Nelly was there. Had the latter been absent, she has said she felt quite sure "she should have been too proud to have broken down even before herself."

That interview did not last long. The two young ladies heard the groom bring the horse round, marked the clatter which usually accompanies the fixing oneself in the saddle, and both distinctly heard the fall of the silver coin which the ostler was careless enough to drop. Neither spoke of the visitor, and when Nanny lost the sound of the horse's hoofs in the distance, she expressed a sigh of relief.

A few moments, and one of the canaries announced himself, with a summons at the door which could only have been accomplished by a flunkey.

It appeared the Squire wished to see his daughter. He had never assumed so much authority before.

He had sunk the position of the father in his love, and this had been all humility. He had even sought Nannie, and he had even waited humbly at the door, till, no answer being returned, he had gone his way, or till Sweetheart Nan, who had long learnt to distinguish his personal performance, came to the door and opened it for him.

Now he sent for her. The act of itself was enough to prove that the old relations between the father and daughter were utterly changed, and for the worse.

"Where is papa?" she had asked, and being told in his own room, she went to the door of that apartment and knocked, not timidly so much as with low firmness.

During the past four days they had met, and spoken peacefully, but their mutual behaviour reminded the looker-on too powerfully of that lull in the air, that terrific quiet which always precedes a storm—as though Nature, watching, held her breath.

"Thee can come in," her father replied in a strong, hard voice.

She had apparently no cause for fear, if the footman, who had obsequiously followed her, was any authority, for that menial volunteered the information in the servants' hall that she was "as high an 'aughty as the Queen of Sheba."

"You want to see me, papa?"

"Yes, Nan, ah do. Sit down, in the full light, wi' the sun on thy face."

This she did. She was pale, looked very anxious, her eyes shone brightly, but there was no fear or dread upon her face.

"Ah've seen Gilbert Dorton, lass."

"I know you have, papa."

"Well?"

"I have nothing to say, papa."

"Do thee not ask what he said?"

"No."

"And why not, Nan?"

"Because, papa, I am trying my best to forget Dr. Dorton and Sir Edgar Pomeroy, both."

"Ho, thee hast not forgotten 'em yet?"

"No."

She was very calm, and apparently guarded in what she said. What did this guardedness portend? Was she protecting herself, or anticipating an outburst of anger on her father's part, and endeavouring to prevent it by complete calmness on her own?

"Do thee care to know what we've said?"

"No. I have no desire to know what has been said."

"Why not?"

"Because you have, papa, so thoroughly taken the disagreement between myself and Sir Edgar Pomeroy out of my hands, that I have convinced myself my best plan will be to endeavour to feel perfectly inactive in the business. I know this, that I have been

very little to blame throughout this disturbance, if I except the fact that I even so far yielded to Sir Edgar as to listen to what he had to say. And if I am very little to blame in what has passed I have determined to be utterly blameless in what may occur. I declare myself, father, quite patient in this matter. I was unable to prevent you acting as you have done; and now the mischief is partly accomplished, I can but do my best to go through with it as well as I can."

"If ah commenced action," said Lemmings, angrily, "'twas a joost action, was't not?"

"I will not attempt to discuss the question, papa. You have done as you thought fit, and therefore you will kindly continue to do what you think is the best. I am quite willing to admit that in acting as you have you did what you thought was best. But if you ask any woman your own age whether you have not irretrievably injured me by the course you have taken, I am quite sure she will say yes."

"What, in commencing action? Thee—thee did not want I to begin it?"

"No. No good can result from it."

"Then have a light heart, lass—t' action is ended."

"Ended, papa? Then there will be no exposure?"

"Didst fear exposure?"

"Yes, papa. But not in fear of what he could say; but because a woman who is mixed up in such a matter is ever after pointed at with something like scorn."

"Well, thee may rest easy. Ah've stopped action—that is, for a time."

"For a time, papa?"

Suddenly Lemmings's face took the hard expression which it could portray, and striking his right hand with the palm of his left, which latter immediately caught the fist as in a vice, he said, "Ah can afford to wait!"

"Wait for what, papa?"

For a few moments he struggled with himself; then he took Nanny's hand, as she sat before him on a stool. She had taken this position because it had been quite natural to her when talking with her father.

She turned her face towards him, and to wards the light.

"Look me steadily in the face, Nan."

She did so, her broad grey eyes resting quite openly and inquiringly upon her father's face.

"Can thee deceive, Nan?"

"If you mean deceive you, dear father, what need have I to do so?"

"Ah'll not believe it—ah'll not believe it," he said. And pillow-ing Nan's head upon his right arm, he patted her face, smoothed the girl's hair, and stooping, kissed her on the cheek.

"Ah'll wait the months I promised," he said; "not because 'tis needful, but because ah have promised. And then—then, Nanny, ah'll make him kneel down to thee, or ah'll horsewhip him 'fore arl t' men an' women in t' place!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE NEXT TWO MONTHS.

But though he kissed her so heartily on that morning when Dorton visited the house, the father and daughter did not live their sweet old life of mutual trust and simplicity of faith. Comes the time in most lives when the liberty of the inner life is dimmed. Who has not experienced the evil day when the soul seems in prison, and no power appears capable of breaking it from the indecipherable goal.

The father and daughter met, alone, each day; and when the early morning sun was shining they kissed and sat at the same table, spoke kindly and eagerly; but the shadow was upon them, and they had no power to drive it from them.

In spite of his belief, his desire, his will, he at times distrusted her. It was not his fault that he should do so—it was his misfortune; and she, on her part, knew that she and her father walked on the edge of a precipice, to speak metaphorically. She felt in a moment he might turn, and again speak to her as a condemning judge.

Ellen Villiers remained at Oaklands. Her marriage to Lord Penton was fixed to take place at Christmas, and till that event she had with great earnestness decided to remain at Oaklands. That Ellen Villiers felt the troubles of the father and daughter were unended she has since frequently admitted, but Nanny had given her no confidence.

After that interview with her father which followed the last visit of Dorton at the house, Ellen had asked Nanny to end her suspense and tell her the worst.

Nan had smilingly said there was no confidence to make—indeed there was not—and then she began poking fun at Ellen, calling her her dear Lady Penton, and her dear dowager ladyship, and asking whether she wore a wig, or dyed her hair, for that, with that long face and firm mouth she must be seventy, if a day.

"My dear Nanny, do as you like," Ellen Villiers had replied; "I'm sure all will be for the best."

And there the confidences ended.

So there was restraint between these two young ladies.

I do not think there was much happiness at Oaklands from the date of Dorton's last visit to that at which Mrs. Helps obtained her great surprise. There was mutual doubt and mutual fear. Perhaps Ellen did not find the time just previous to that a pointed for her marriage very delightful; but she was a true woman, and till she knew that Sweetheart Nan's life was once more calm she would not desert her.

It should be added that Lord Penton was away in Scotland, deep in business connected with the estate which he had recently inherited.

But if the owners of Oaklands and Ellen Villiers experienced little pleasure during those two months, which carried them well on towards Christmas, the place itself was quite alive with pleasure-seekers.

Lemmings, with that stern wilfulness of his to meet the world face to face, had determined to encounter society and defy it with splendour. As a man of much common sense, he felt that the rupture between Nan and Sir Edgar would be immediately spread through the district, so he thereupon decided to face the district on his own territory.

Thereupon began such a series of entertainments at Oaklands as reduced Krizia to daily fits of astonishment and paroxysms combined, and even threatened Mrs. Helps with something of a nervous nature. The housekeeper called it "the creeps."

It is to be feared that Mr. Solomons said it served her right. But it may be doubted if Solomons really thought so.

It would have been strange for a looker-on to have marked Sweetheart Nan's conduct throughout the whole of these two months. Her father desired—nay, insisted—upon the house being filled with visitors. It being the shooting season, men were glad to fill the crowd of spare bed-rooms in the place, and if they thought of the disruption between the young mistress of the place and the baronet, it was but to believe each his own chance the greater. The country knew of that disruption, but had learnt naught of its cause. The women believed her; the men supposed young Pomeroy was in the wrong box, and thus the country stood affected towards Nan.

Certainly the Squire's strong common sense had served him with its ordinary aptitude. It had told him that to shun the gentry of the neighbourhood was to make them suspicious. He, therefore—who had never cared for aught but Sweetheart Nan—courted his neighbours, and in spite of his simplicity, rustic ways, and rough speech, he gained a certain kind of consideration and respect the value of which, as earned by his own will, Lemmings appreciated more highly than he would have openly admitted.

But one shadow, a new one, often rose upon this poor conquest of his, gained for his daughter's sake. What if, after all this display, the "other men" gained the final victory? For through all the high jinks and company seeing at Oaklands he never once lost sight of his vengeance. He called it justice. His determination to proceed against the baronet never swerved for one moment. In this matter he was a kind of honourable concessive duellist. He yielded all conditions, but fight he would.

As for Nanny, in the midst of this feverish life, it was strange to mark the conduct she chalked out for herself.

Positively she talked to the young men as though she were the mother of several of them. She was perfectly amiable, and fell into their views with the greatest readiness. She was quite willing they should amuse themselves, but she could not share in their amusements, as one of her age and circumstances might naturally have shared.

When dancing was going on, she would dance very little, and then only upon entreaty; but she would look after the young people, and especially the very young people, with an air of motherliness, which would have been laughable, had it been accompanied by the least affectation. But this it was not. It was very clear to her companions that she acted quite naturally; and, some one hitting upon the title of Sweetheart Gravity, the mass of young people gave her that distinction and whenever they wanted specially to engage Annie's attention, she was immediately appealed to under that new name.

Now, I said there was a small theatre, which formed a portion of Oaklands. It was a pretty little building, and I believe it was Lemmings himself who proposed the "pay-acting." Sweetheart Gravity fell in with the idea, and an entertainment, in which she took part, was soon organized. And what do you think was the part she played? Why, the prompter.

So when there was a riding party made up to visit a ruin in the neighbourhood, she accompanied the young people—but only in a basket chair, and, matron-like again, it was she who had seen to the providing of a fire in the large and partially complete old hall of the ruin, for the early days of November were at hand, and though the weather was often, it began to be chilly.

People fancied Miss Lemmings was ill, but she said, "No, no, she was quite well." The sharp-seeing ladies said there was something about her which ought not to be in so young a woman, and the spinsters between the ages (thirty and fifty) declared her "odd." But most people liked her, as most people like those who are quiet, and unobtrusively desirous of pleasing.

About that time this was just Nanny's character—quiet, unobtrusive, and most desirous of pleasing.

With all this influx of visitors, Sweetheart Nan might have had suitors in plenty. Some pitied her, and these were those who thought a good deal of themselves, and felt the woman must be wrong in a case of Nanny's sort; and as pity has a knack of drifting into love, these gentry tended towards Nan, and perhaps none the less because she was not a poor woman.

Then, again another class of men supposed a woman who had had a "row" with one man would endeavour to prove herself in the right by "taking up" with another; and these individuals "went at Nan"—to use the expression made use of by some of them—more or less as a matter of business. She was a good match; and they were open to anything good.

But Nan, with the straight common sense she inherited from her father, put them all down, one after the other, without any difficulty. The men hardly knew themselves how the fact was accomplished. All they learnt was that they were quietly but certainly rejected. Not one of them ever tried again.

This was the life at Oaklands. The lull before the storm. The cream of the country looking on.

That Nanny was not healthy, Ellen Villiers saw. She, on more than half-a-dozen occasions, in those few weeks, spoke to her old schoolfellow on her pallid morning weariness, and even lassitude. But Sweetheart Nan had always replied, in her old, ordinary, off-hand style, that "She was well enough," and as invariably she turned the conversation generally to Lord Penton.

"She was quite well," she said; adding, with a certain kind of firmness which there was no gainsaying, "and quite happy!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

THAT YELLOW CART AGAIN.

It is a postulate, or foregone conclusion, in the noble study of mathematics, that the greater includes the less. There is no denying the assertion. And it is equally good in the matter of misfortune. When a bank breaks for some hundreds of thousands, some hearts will do likewise for the loss of perhaps one quarter the number of farthings—say, perhaps half the figures of farthings—for some twenty-five or fifty pounds—the savings of years, upon which life was to have been commenced in some small but happy way. The heart breaks, though the doctor may call the disease atrophy, or dwindling of vital action, or call it by any one of the hundred styles at the command of the faculty.

So, when the house falls, any given small raft is equally cast down with the whole; and when the master is ruined by fire, perhaps Mary, who has her box in one of the attics, is equally ruined with her employer.

And this, brother, is the way of the world—the greater includes the less; and so when Gilbert Dorton rejected Sweetheart Nan, he all unknowingly so cut at the heart of David Saul Solomons, that if that individual had had any doubt, of which he was not certainly the possessor, as to the ownership of any such vessel of the softer emotions as the heart, it would have been set at rest by the frightful twinge he experienced when Mrs. Meggie put him, as she said on the following morning, "back in his place."

Have you ever, after having kept your carriage, had to ride in a cart? Have you ever, after having been troubled as to which coat of a score to put on, had some difficulty to find a coat with which to cover your back? Have you ever been riding a capital high horse, in a word, no matter of what kind, and in the presence of spectators, suddenly found yourself in a ditch?

If you have experienced any of these calamities, you pity Solomons. Mrs. Meggie was the high horse, the household of servants was the spectators, and Solomons was at the bottom of the deepest ditch of despair he had ever had anything to do with.

He tried hard to combine the patience of Job, according to the popular theory, though I think I could show that Job was one of the most impatient of men, making disturbances when he ought to have emulated the meekness of the lamb. Solomons, I say, tried hard to combine the patience of Job with the proverbial wisdom of his namesake, but like oil and water they would not mix, and so David Saul gave up the attempt in despair.

Of course all the servants knew it.

He heard them laugh behind his back, and he said to himself—and it was the only person he troubled with the subject—that "it were werry hard to bear." But his conscience whispered him that Meggie Helps "were still harder to bear."

And yet he hoped. You see, he had been at work hoping for so many years that he could not give the quality up; and as far as I am concerned, when I lose hope, carry me out and inter me with decency, for I know, under the circumstances, I should not last a month. Lose hope! I would a great deal sooner lose a limb—say, both legs and an arm or so, under which condition of things life cannot be very lively.

Perhaps Mrs. Helps howled in secret at the departure of the yellow cart, so to speak, from the dream of an early future; but Mrs. Helps was fortified by her superstition. When a foundation goes, what on earth is the value of the strength of the roof? and this was just her argument. She had based her marriage on her young lady's. Her young lady was not to be married. Very well—then fate was against, and had kindly warned her. Meggie Helps was not a woman to neglect a warning, and though Solomons came every afternoon at five, with a bunch of flowers and his duty, she saw the serpent in the "bopopot," and never asked him to take a chair, much less take a cup of tea (even when standing on the table, hot), and least of all did she ask him to take something with a little hot water in it.

There was a gulf between them; and Mrs. Helps knew her knees would—no, to continue the figure of speech, which is as heavy and middle-aged as Mrs. Helps' own shape—that her knees would give way if she tried to jump the chasm, though Solomons was twittering on the other side, and holding out his shirt-sleeved arms.

Mrs. Helps was so mighty civil to Solomons, that a little cutting remark would have been quite a relief. I know nothing so hard sometimes as your civility.

Solomons had never once openly broached the subject of the broken marriage. He spoke in the language of flowers; but to that Mrs. Helps turned as deaf as a couple of posts.

It was on the fifth of November that a circumstance occurred that moved Solomons to unwonted emotion. This was nothing more nor less than a vision of that car of triumph, the yellow cart with the rusty springs, which was to have joggled the old couple to their out-of-the-way church, and then joggled them back to Oaklands, man and wife.

The sight of this machine jolting across the cartway of the park, appropriated to the tradesman's vehicles, so moved him, that he cut two camellias and himself a little, and entering Mrs. Helps' private apartment, after a mild knock and a dignified permission to enter, he laid those floral tributes, not at the feet of the enchantress, but on the table; and in the middle of certain smooth, sweet-smelling house-linen, which Mrs. Meggie, in her capacity as a housekeeper, knowing her duties, was inspecting, sorting, and folding.

"Which good morn'g, Solomons; and bless my soul! what's the matter with your finger?"

"Mrs. Helps, that there finger is like this here man—cut!"

Mrs. Meggie trembled; for, not to be mean and to keep unnecessary secrets, she had also seen the vision of the yellow cart, and she had remarked Solomons gazing after that construction, and looking up at her window, he had remarked her; and so it was all a merry go-round together of seeing.

I think, from inquiries I have made, and certain information I have received, that Meggie was so moved, that if Solomons had said, "Come along, mam, this minute to the little church; for, mam, I've a license in my pocket (which was the truth, and it was running out); and if you can't walk I'll wheel you over in my barrow, for married, mam, you shall be,"—I say, if Solomons had so spoken, I really do think she would have allowed herself to be carried off in her morning yellow and snuff coloured cotton, and be married outright.

But Solomons was not the man to take advantage of suffering women. But he could not help a—remark.

"I'm sure it's a blow," he urged, "as the cricketer said when the ball knocked his eye out."

Then he added below his breath, "But faint heart never won a fair Meggie."

"Which more beautiful camellias I were not wishful to see, David Saul, and as fresh as a daisy. And how are your young people a-go'g' on?"

"The contented loaf is a continual feast," Mrs. Solomons. My young men are going on, as the express engine said to the telegraph post; but them young people will be young people, as the hamiable happy-woman said when they upset her still. But did you see Buo's yellow chaise-cart just now?"

"Ye—a," said Meggie, "which why within the park beyond me quite it is to say."

"Nigh, high," as the pedestrian said to Mong Blank, Mrs. So—helps I mean. The fact is, as my young man, Boley, has asked me for a holiday, I know he was about to drive, and a Boley on the back of a cart, I know where he'd drive to, as the sharp pony said to the young man who wasn't a whip."

"Which, Mr. Solomons," said Mrs. Helps, "beset you cannot more be by your young men, nor with my young women, which what with fashions making them all width, and a petticoat rather

than a cloak for vice; and so that it's impossible to avoid remarking that they air not well off for stockings; and I assure you our Becker Marier's gone out in that style she can't get over one decently; and what the times are coming to I know not. She won't act like a bride."

"And Boley like a bridegroom, and a sunflower stuck in his blue coat, like a fryingpan; but youth will have its fling, as the old gentleman said when his grandson chucked him down stairs. Thank ye kindly, Meggie," he continued, for the old housekeeper had here produced a piece of rag, and began tying up his poor finger in it.

Then Solomons was moved. This, however, was the sole word she said.

"Meggie?"

Mrs. Meggie refused to hear the language of flowers, but 'he language of the eyes she could not refuse to comprehend.

She only replied in one word—a monosyllable."

"No!"

Solomons marched slowly from the room.

It was half-past five when he returned to it—panting, breathless speechless.

J. piter town's

Hymen triu-phant

Victory is not prone to put away her trumpet; and, indeed, too frequently she blows that noisy instrument a great deal too near the ears of the vanquished.

Youth especially is disinclined to hide its laurels.

Boley and Becker Marier were but human.

No wonder Solomons and Mrs. Helps sought mutual consolation.

There, in that yellow cart, at a quarter past five, arrived Boley and Becker Marier. It was a question which was the gaudier of the three—Becker Marier, Boley, or the cart. Becker Marier held her back up—Boley seemed all back—and as the cart was a very small cart, and the horse was a very large horse, the cart had little difficulty in sympathising with the bride and bridegroom. It stuck itself up on its shafts in such a manner, and the interesting couple sat so bolt upright, that all three seemed to be going over the tail-board together.

Meanwhile the iron-grey horse jibbed to express his sentiments, and whisked his tail about like a triumphant palm-leaf.

Mrs. Meggie, for the nonce, gave way.

She saw. He came. She was conquered.

"Have some tea, David Solomons?"

"This here is a catastrophe," as the fat lady said when she went through the bottom of the cab, and was left in the road; but it's a long lane that you never saw the end of. 'Fair play's a jewel; and truth, like a good tub, has always a fast bottom.' And, by the great panjan, make that there tea strong, Meggie So—helps—beg pardon, as the trout said, when he swallowed the minnow; and if this ain't a pill to swallow, where is one?"

"Oh, dear!—how many lumps, Mr. Solomons?" said the housekeeper.

CHAPTER XXX.

PANIC.

The good and the terrible are always hand in hand. I remember once seeing a travelling theatre in the north of England pitched on a friendly parson's glebe, and the scene-painters had set out a panoramic scene to dry in the cold sunshine of a November day, and on the graves of the passed generations and forefathers of the villagers whom the players had arrived to amuse.

Again, once I remember seeing in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, at Paris, and near the wall which separates the city of the dead from the roadway, a fresh and undiscoloured masquerade mask, which had, doubtless, been thrown over the wall during the previous night, for it was carnival time; and you might in the early morning see any street littered with bits of tinsel, masks, and other lesson-reading frippery—I speak of the time before the Parisian masquerade had dwindled into nothing.

There the mask lay, and a week after, drawn dismally to the spot, there it still remained. It now was dead, stained, falling to pieces, flattened. In the week it had passed away, and the grotesque had become the homolistic. So the clown who makes us laugh to-night dies to-morrow, and becomes as good a sermon as any ever preached by a bishop.

Near the quaint loves of Solomons and Mrs. Helps, which ran no smoother than much other love a terrible tragedy was sweeping on, and, like the rage of the wind, no man surely saw its coming.

On the day following that yellow cart catastrophe, Mrs. Helps was summoned into Nanny's room. She found her young lady very pale and anxious-looking.

"Mrs. Helps the dinner for to-morrow is put off. I am now writing the letters. And, if convenient to yourself, I should be glad if you would accompany me to London."

"Certainly, miss," said the amazed housekeeper. "And which, may I ask, is anything amiss?"

"No—I hope not."

"Is the Squire going?"

"No."

"The Squire, miss, have said nothing to me."

"It is not needful that the Squire should speak of this matter to you. Will you let them get me the small carriage at the back of the house by twelve—we shall catch the half-past that hour train to Exeter, and so get the afternoon express."

"Certainly, miss."

At that time, at mid-day, Sweetheart Nan left Oaklands, leaving a note for the Squire when he should come in.

She was very pale, but equally resolute.

Here follows the statement of Mrs. Helps; for, as I have said, the "incomprehension" of this work, to act in its true manner upon my readers, must, to be natural, be learnt the last by them.

Mrs. Helps could only say this—that the express landed them in London at five; and that, thereupon, her young lady requested her to get one of the porters to procure her a private brougham from the next livery stable.

Into this her young lady, still firm and decided, got, telling Mrs. Helps to wait for her in the waiting-room.

Here Mrs. Helps waited.

The continuity of her statement then ran to the effect that there she waited till nine, when her young lady returned. At the first glance Mrs. Helps saw that a terrible change had passed over her young lady. She saw that black half-circles were under her eyes, and that her lips were white.

Beyond these evidences of agitation her young lady showed no change. She was equally firm; and, while waiting for the train, she took up a book from the railway book-stall, sat down, and opened it. But Mrs. Helps was prepared to swear that she did not turn over one leaf.

Her young lady refused all refreshment except a cup of tea, and this she only half drank.

They returned to Oaklands by the express, which reached Exeter at five in the morning—the express train not stopping at the station nearest to Oaklands.

There a porter was sent to the next hotel for a postchaise; and by these means they arrived at Oaklands at about half-past seven in the morning.

The Squire had not been to bed. He did not come to meet his daughter.

She went to him in his own room, where he was seated.

The next statement that Mrs. Helps was able to give to the gardener was that she heard, and distinctly, a scream.

About five minutes passed, and then the Squire came out of the room, leaving his daughter behind him.

He went to the hall door; and calling to the postboy, he bade him wait.

Then, turning to her, he said, "Mrs. Helps, my daughter have brought I bad news. We be going away together from Oaklands. Will thee pack her some clothes, for her be overpowered like, and cannot give thee orders?"

Mrs. Helps had no need to volunteer the further history of that exodus.

The whole household knew it.

Father and daughter vied with each other in whiteness of countenance, and in firmness.

They entered the postchaise together, but neither gave the clustered household a kindly word of departure.

And neither father nor daughter looked at each other.

When the chaise was out of sight, the noise of its departing wheels dying away into that melancholy silence which is so painful as a dear friend or relation is carried from us, the servants clustered together and said, "Weren't they alike?"

They had never noticed it before. But as the father and daughter left Oaklands together, the serving people marked that they were like—very like.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE SOUTH LONDON FORESTERS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

On Monday, the Foresters of South London held their annual *fête* at Croydon, and enjoyed the pleasures of a day's outing in the grounds of the palace, with the additional excitement of boat-races on the lake. At half-past one a procession of the lodges, attended by the bands of the 8th Essex and 13th Kent volunteers, and the Neckinger Mills band, as formed in the ropery, and marched thence through the grounds with banners and insignia displayed. But few of the members appeared in full Forester's costume, most of those present being contented with such distinction as was conveyed by scarfs and badges. At three o'clock athletic games were commenced on the cricket-ground, where prizes were awarded after a spirited competition in racing, leaping, &c. The competitors were mostly men of the Foot and Life Guards, and the sports concluded with a sack race and a juggling match. But the prominent attraction was an aquatic gala, which had been arranged by Mr. A. Wentzell, and commenced soon after three o'clock by a pair oared boat-race for a handsome cup. Between the second and third heats a race was run in four tubs—to speak more correctly, four men, each armed with a paddle, got into as many tubs, and after some very ineffectual attempts at advancing, which resulted in circuitous movements, one or two either fell or leaped into the water, and employed their further exertions in overturning their competitors, much to the delight of the hundreds congregated on the banks of the lake and among the spectators. No less amusement was afforded by a duck hunt, the duck being represented by a man sculling in a boat adorned with a bill, and the hunters by the aforementioned tub-rovers in a four-oared boat. The chief fun here seemed to consist in splashing each other, until the hard-pressed duck at length leaped from his boat and swam to shore. The scene at the lake was somewhat incongruous, the great saurians, pterodactyls, mylodons, and megaceres looking down placidly on a nineteenth century crowd, diversified with Foresters in green garments, armed with umbrellas and smoking short pipes. However, the day has no doubt answered its purpose: it is a pleasant thing to look on a crowd of hard-working men enjoying a day's holiday with their wives and children, and nowhere do they appear to find more fully the elements of innocent enjoyment than at the Crystal Palace.

NEW MUSIC.

COME UNTO ME. Sacred song; the words by W. H. Bellamy, the music by Miss Lindsay.—We have much pleasure in welcoming this addition to the store of sacred music, as an agreeable diversity of Sabbath-day intellectual enjoyment. The words are of exceeding beauty and the instrumental accompaniment is all that can be desired.

THE SAVOYARD'S RETURN. Written by Kirke White; the music by Alfred Piatelli.—This is a very beautiful melody, attested by the fact that our great tenor, Sims Reeves, sings it at the present festival at Worcester. We doubt not that its popularity is certain.

HAMILTON'S MODERN INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE PIANOFORTE, revised and fingered throughout by Carl Czerny.—This standard and well-known work, after going through 396 editions, again comes before us in an improved form. For an elementary book so world-wide known, it is only necessary to say that with its latest improvements it is now more than ever calculated to effect its object of giving to the young performer that insight and instruction which the most anxious parent or guardian could desire. The above works are all from the music depot of Messrs. Cocks, Burlington Street.

THE CONVICT'S CHILD.

You ask me why my step is slow,
And why my eye with grief looks wild?
I am the heir to shame and woe,
A poor, unhappy convict's child!
I cannot with my playmates stay,
To hear my father's name reviled;
I cannot joyous be and gay,
A poor, unhappy convict's child!
And still to this lone spot I creep,
Where once poor mother sat and smiled;
Oh! that with her, in death, might sleep
The miserable convict's child!

A new kind of rogues has been carried on in Belgium lately. A fellow has changed his religion two or three times in order to obtain a suit of clothes, which, it seems, is given to converts on their baptism by the Jesuits.

Varieties.

MILITARY AUTHORS.—It is a curious fact, that the private soldiers of England, though taken from the humblest classes of society and few in number, when compared to the hundreds of thousands forced by conscriptions into the ranks of continental armies, have yet surpassed all foreigners as much in letters as in arms. We have several highly interesting books of military adventure written by private soldiers, and conveying vivid pictures of their habits, feelings, and opinions, as well as the dangers and terrible hardships to which they are exposed in the field. No work of this kind deserving of notice has been produced by either French or Germans.

CHINESE EPICURISM.—Dogs are fatted and eaten in China as a delicious food, and are always found at the tables of the great. Horseflesh, rats, and mice are standard articles of food, and sold publicly at the butchers', an act which reflects credit on the taste and good sense of the Chinese, for there are not more cleanly animals than those existing. Birds' nests are another article of food; but neither mud nor sticks enter into their composition. The nests are found in the rocks along the coasts of Tonquin, &c., and are built by birds resembling the swallow. They are constructed, as is supposed, of a small species of sea-fish, cemented by a glutinous matter exuding from the bird itself, and when usually formed, resemble the rind of a large candied citron. Bear paws form another favourite dish. They are rolled in pepper and nutmeg, and dried in the sun. When about to be dressed, they are soaked in rice-water to make them soft, and then boiled in the gravy of a kid, and seasoned with various spices.

A FEW WORDS WITH AN OLD SOLDIER.—"And suppose there were a war between France and England?" "God forbid!" he interposed. "But if there were, should you still be eager to fight?" "Oh, no—no—no!" said he, shaking his head vehemently. "What, not for the glory of France?" "France has glory enough," said he. "You a soldier, and say so!" I rejoined, willing to try him to the utmost. "What, the very newspaper editors in Paris, many of them, recommend war. They write with the greatest fire. In London there were even clergymen who met the other day and spoke in favour of war. They spoke with remarkable spirit." "They have not seen war," said he; "I have. They have no old wounds, aching like mine with the changes of the weather; they have never bivouacked on marshy ground, and lain raging with fever in an African hospital; they have never wiped from their faces the brains of a comrade; they have never heard the shrieks of a burning village. Believe me, sir, a soldier who has done his duty can never recommend war."—*A Day's Trip to Calais.*

THE STUDY OF GEOLOGY.—At one time we see before us, extracted from a solid mass of rock, a model of the softest, most delicate, and least easily preserved parts of animal structure; at another time the actual bones, teeth, and scales, scarcely altered from their condition in the living animal. The very skin, the eye, the foot-prints of the creature in the mud, and the food that it was digesting at the time of its death, together with those portions that had been separated by the digestive organs as containing no further nutriment, are all as clearly exhibited as if death had within a few hours performed its commission, and had been instantly prepared for our investigation. We find the remains of fish, so perfect, that not one bone, not one scale, is out of place or wanting; and others, in the same bed, presenting only the outline of a skeleton or various disjointed fragments. We have insects, the delicate nervures of whose wings are permanently impressed upon the stone in which they are embedded; and we see occasionally shells, not merely retaining their shape, but perpetuating their very colours—the most fleeting, one would think, of all characteristics; and offering evidence of the brilliancy and beauty of creation at a time when man was not yet an inhabitant of the earth, and there seemed no one to appreciate the beauties which we are perhaps too apt to think were called into existence only for our admiration.—*Anteater's Geology.*

LOVE AND MADNESS.—A most affecting anecdote is related by Dr. Uwins in his "Treatise on the Diseases of the Brain." A lady on the point of marriage, whose intended husband usually travelled by the stage coach to visit her, went one day to meet him, and found, instead of him, an old friend, who came to announce to her the tidings of his sudden death. She uttered a scream, and piteously exclaimed, "He is dead!" but then all consciousness of the affliction that had befallen her ceased. "From that fatal moment," says the author, "has this unfortunate female daily, for fifty years, in all seasons, traversed the distance of a few miles to the spot where she expected her future husband to alight from the coach; and every day she utters, in a plaintive tone, 'He is not come yet! I will return to-morrow.'" There is a more remarkable case, in which love, after it had been apparently extinct, produced a like effect upon being accidentally revived. It is recorded in a Glasgow newspaper. An old man, residing in the neighbourhood of that city, found a miniature of his wife, taken in her youth. She had been dead many years, and he was a person of strictly sedate and religious habits; but the sight of this picture entirely overcame him. From the time of its discovery till his death, which took place some months afterwards, he neglected all his ordinary duties and employments, and became in a manner imbecile, spending whole days without uttering a word or manifesting the slightest interest in passing occurrences. The only one with whom he would hold any communication was a little grandchild, who very strikingly resembled the portrait; to her he was perfectly docile; and, a day or two before his death, he gave her his purse, and strictly enjoined her to lay the picture beside him in his coffin, a request which was accordingly fulfilled.

Wit and Wisdom.

"I'm a victim to an artificial state of society," as the monkey said when they put trousers on him.

WHY is the western window of Westminster Abbey like a gouty man?—Because it has many panes.

"I tell you, my child, there is no 'U' in the French language."—Yes, there is. "There is not, I tell you."—"Yes, there is; in *Oui!*"

A COUNTRYMAN, being a witness in a court of justice, was asked by the counsel if he was born in wedlock. "No, sir," answered the man, "I was born in Devonshire."

A COUNTRYMAN once burst into a flood of tears after he had heard the statement of his counsel exclaiming "I did not think I had suffered half so much till I heard it this day."

ANOTHER specimen of refinement has been recently procured. The well-known expression of "He goes the whole hog," has been changed to "He locomotes the entire swine."

DEFINITION OF AN ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR.—She can speak all languages; is the best interpreter, and the most profound politician, in the world; the wisest minister of state that ever existed; never tells a lie; neither will she allow the proudest Frenchman, Spaniard, or Dutchman to give her a saucy answer.

A STRANGE FANCY.—A story is told of a hyochondriac gentleman of rank and fortune in Ireland, who fancied one of his legs of one religion, and the other of another. He not unfrequently puts one of his unfortunate legs outside of the bed-clothes, to punish it for its religious errors.

"I ain't a going to be call'd printer's devil no longer—no more I ain't," exclaimed a printer's imp the other day, in a terrible pucker. "Well, what shall we call you?" "Call me typographical spirit of evil, if you please—that's all."

EXPLANATION OF THE TERM "RACK-RENT."—Rack-rent is rent of the full value of the tenement according to some, but in the opinion of others it is thought that rack-rent means a rent so high that the tenant is on the rack how to succeed in getting it together.

THE TEST OF GENTILITY.—"The gentleman," as that character is understood in many parts of Ireland, must possess the ability of getting into debt. "He a gentleman!" said one of the Five Bloods in whose presence some extra man of payments was named with honour; "why, the fellow never owed a hundred pounds in his life!" This, "in your duller Britain," may be thought a laughable test of the nobler metals of a society. But when it comes to be considered a duty which a man owes to his lineage to live beyond his means (an Irish way, you will say, of keeping up the credit of the house), it is not so very absurd after all. Whoever complies with such a usage, must owe many a hundred pounds; and those who do not comply with it are cried down unparingly as screws, and fellows of low caste. "Hase is the slave who pays," quoth mine Ancient Pistol. The late Lord C was a finished gentleman in this sense of the word; and, indeed, in another sense too. For many years before his exit, he owed considerably more than the fee and inheritance of all his demesnes could have been sold for to the highest bidder. Yet he managed to rub on, under the prestige of a title, and to fare sumptuously to the last. I believe they found it hard enough to bury him, though—the undertaker being a morose fellow, and refusing to take his lordship's word for the price of the coffin. But up to that time he wanted nothing that luxury could demand. Some familiar friends, seated round his festive board, ventured once, while the claret was going round, to remonstrate against such extravagance. They wanted they said, no costly wines to lure them to his table, but would be perfectly satisfied with the vin du pays, the refined dew of his tributary mountains. "I know all that, my dear friends," said the worthy peer; "and nothing would delight me more than to regale you with whisky punch, if I could, but then, consider the expense of it." "The expense!" cried the astonished guests, holding up their bumpers of Chateau Margaux. "Yes, the expense. Where are the lions to come from? Ready money for lemons would break me."

FULL benefit of reduced duty obtained by purchasing Hornum's Pure Tea; very choice at 3s. 4d. & 4s. "High Standard" at 4s. 4d. (formerly 4s. 5d.), is the strongest and most delicious. Agents in every town supply it in packets.—*Advertisement.*

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ROYAL MUSIC HALL. Open every evening at seven o'clock. Immense success of the Christy's Circus Opera Company. Best London talent—Sam Collins, W. Randall, Mrs. Phillips, the Sisters Clifford, Miss Hatchelour, Mr. B. on, Messrs. Holmes and Heron, the Messrs. Koscoe, the Elliott Family, and a host of her talent. ROYAL TIVOLI GARDEN, Margate open daily. Admission, One Shilling.

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LOOK TO YOUR TEETH.—Mr. FRANCIS (late Jones), Surgeon-Dentist, continues to supply his celebrated ARTIFICIAL TEETH, on Vulcanized Base at 1s. a Tooth, a set 10s. a set. These Teeth are more natural, comfortable, and durable, than any yet produced, and are sold wholesale. 12, 14 & 16, street near King's-cross and Rotten-square. CONSULTATIONS FREE.

FUNERALS.—A small brochure, recently published by the Necropolis Company upon the subject of funerals, is well deserving perusal by all persons upon whom circumstances may have devolved the duty of making provision for the burial of the dead. It also explains their much approved and economical new system of conducting funerals. It may be had, or will be sent by post, on application at the Company's Office, 1, Lancaster-place, Strand; 60, Moone-street, 3, Kensington green; 1, Cannon-place, New Kent-road; 50, New-castle-street, Strand, and the Station, Westminster-road.

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